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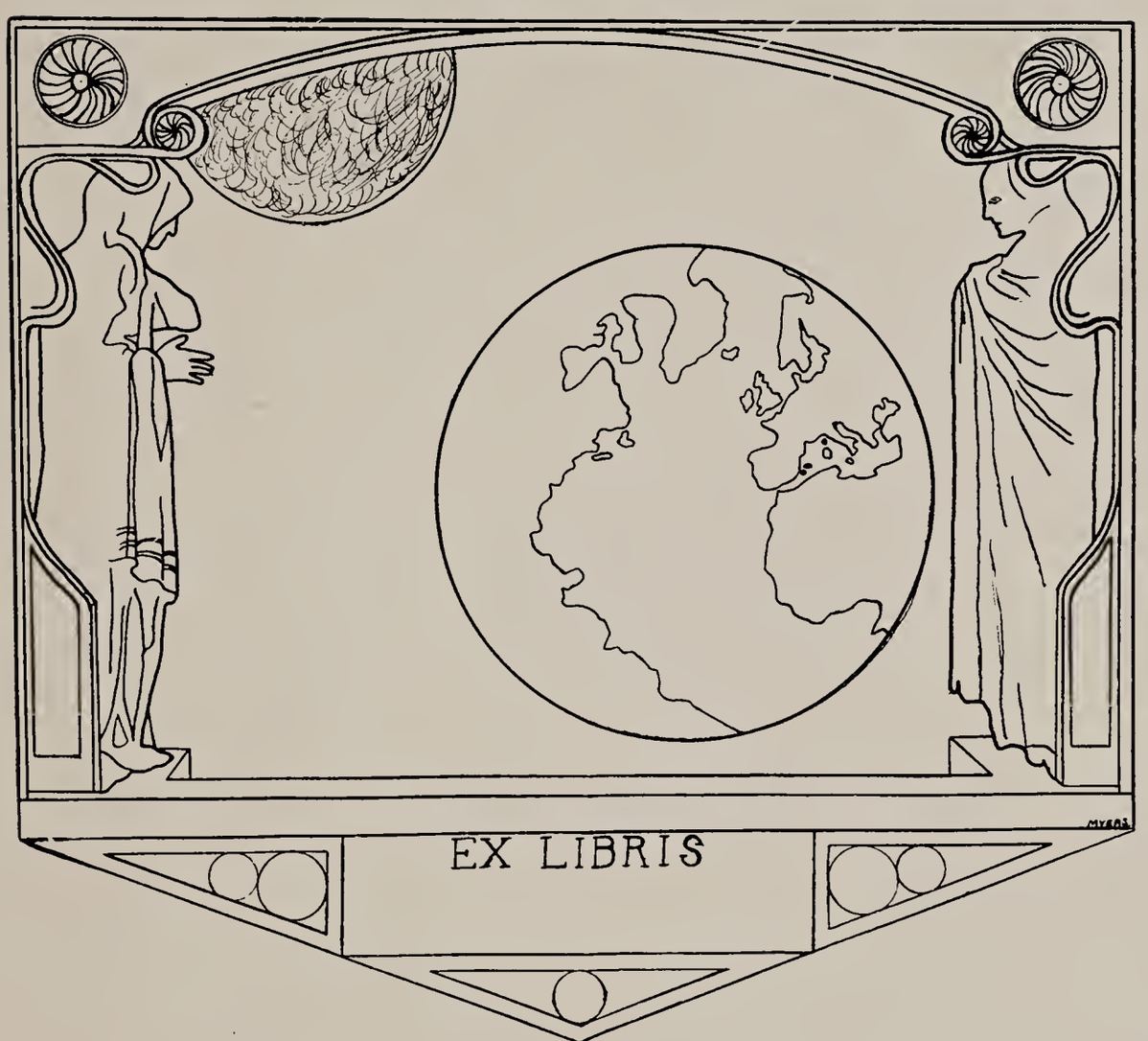

EX LIBRIS

TEL-BUCH

BY THE CLASS OF
1919

MYERS

AUNTY BROWN

To Aunty Brown

"MOTHER" OF OLD BUCHTEL COLLEGE
WHOSE GENEROUS SPIRIT AND UNSELFISH LIFE
WILL FOREVER BE AN EXAMPLE TO THE
STUDENTS OF NEW BUCHTEL COLLEGE,
WE, THE CLASS OF 1919,
DEDICATE THIS BOOK

View of University Campus

With Buchtel Field in Distance

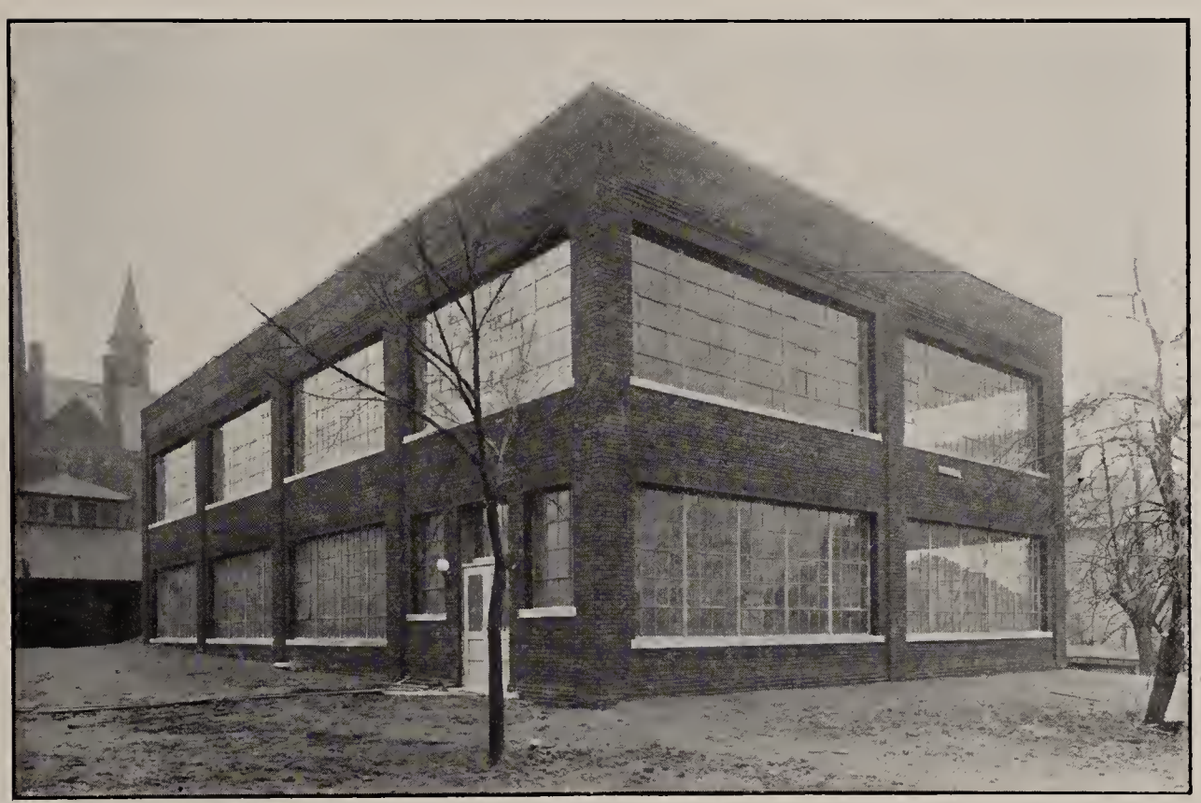
Buchtel Hall

Knight Chemical Laboratory

KARL F. KOLBE HALL

Crouse Gymnasium

Engineering School



Engineering Laboratory

Curtis Cottage

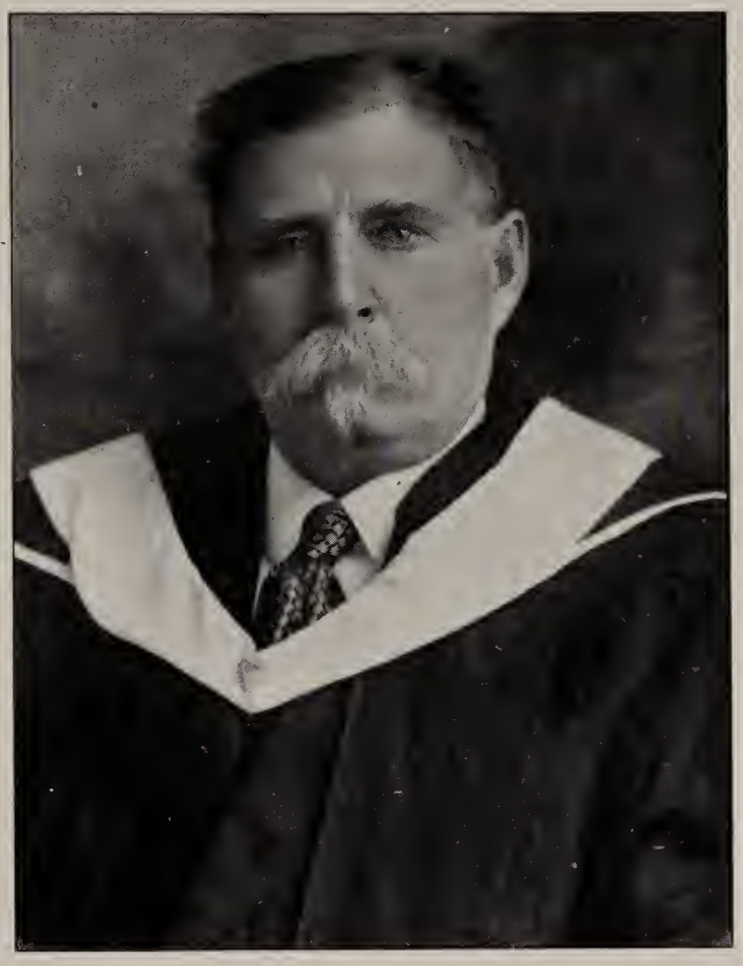
FACULTY

PARKE R. KOLBE, A. M., PH. D.

Z A E, N V S (Heidelberg).

President of the University.

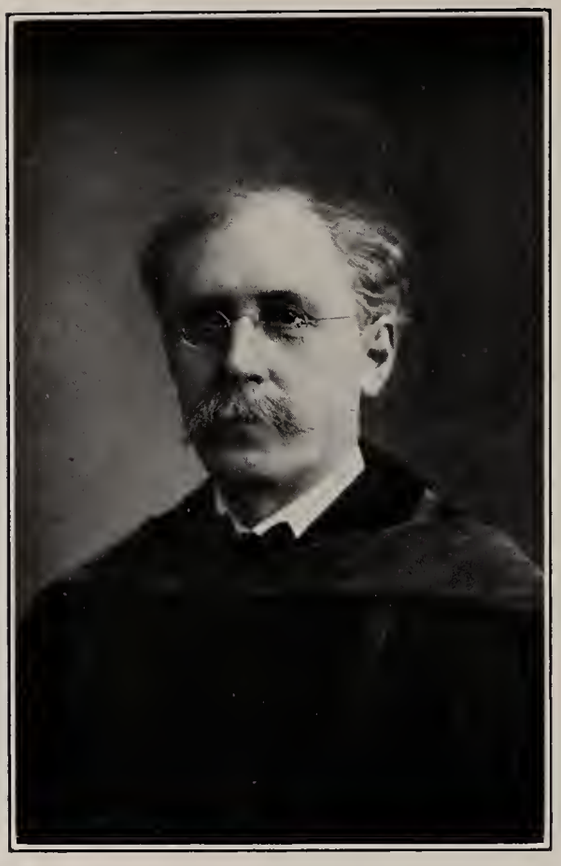
A. B., Buchtel College, 1901; A. M., Buchtel College, 1902. Graduate work at Universities of Goettingen and Heidelberg; Ph. D., University of Heidelberg, 1912; Teacher of German and Latin in Salem, Ohio, High School, 1902-1905; Professor of German Language and Literature, Buchtel College, 1905-1913; President, Buchtel College, February-December, 1913; President of the Municipal University of Akron, 1913-.



OSCAR E. OLIN, A. M.

Vice-President of the University.
Professor of Economics and History.
Messenger Professor of Philosophy.

Conductor of Normal Institutes under authority of State Board of Kansas; Educational Work in Kansas, 1884-1885; Professor of English, Kansas State Agricultural College, 1885-1898; A. M., Kansas State Agricultural College, 1897; Principal Normal Department, Buchtel College, 1898-1904; Author of "AKRON AND ENVIRONMENTS"; present position, 1904-.



CHARLES M. KNIGHT, A. M., SC. D.
Φ B K
Dean Emeritus of the Faculty.
Professor Emeritus of Chemistry.

Tufts College, A. B., A. M., Sc. D., Buchtel College; Graduate Work at Harvard and Massachusetts Institute of Technology; Member of American Chemical Society; Fellow of the American Association for the Advancement of Science.

ALBERT I. SPANTON, A. M.

Dean of the College of Liberal Arts.
Pierce Professor of English.

A. B., Buchtel College, 1899; A. M., Harvard University, 1905; Assistant-Principal and Teacher of English, Buchtel Academy, 1900-1904; Graduate Student at Harvard, 1904-1905; present position, 1905-.

ELIZABETH A. THOMPSON, A. M.

Dean of Women.
Professor of History.

Teacher of History in Girls' High School, Philadelphia; Teacher of History, Akron Central High School; Instructor in History and English, Buchtel Academy; A. M., Buchtel College; Asst. Prof. History, 1914-1917; present position, 1917-.

FRED E. AYER, C. E.

Dean of Engineering School.

Civil Engineering Graduate, Lafayette College, 1900; 1900-1904, Shop Inspector and Draftsman, Pennsylvania Steel Company, Steelton, Pennsylvania; Draftsman, American Bridge Company, East Berlin, Connecticut; Chief Draftsman, New Jersey Bridge Company, Manasquan, New Jersey; 1904-1906, United States Reclamation Service; 1906-1914, Instructor, Assistant-Professor, and Associate-Professor, Civil Engineering Department, University of Cincinnati; present position, 1914-.

HEZZLETON E. SIMMONS, M. S.

Π K E, Φ H, Pennsylvania Chapter.
Buchtel Professor of Chemistry.

B. S., Buchtel College, 1908; M. S., University of Pennsylvania, 1912; Assistant in Chemistry, Buchtel, 1906-1908; Instructor in Qualitative Analysis, University of Pennsylvania, 1908-1910; present position, 1910-.

ARDEN E. HARDGROVE, B. S.
Z A E

Assistant-Professor of Chemistry and Director of Bureau of City Tests.

B. S., Buchtel College, 1911; Graduate Work at Ohio State University, 1911-1912; City Chemist, Akron, Ohio, 1912-1914; present position, 1914-.

MARY ALICE (MRS.) HITCHCOCK,

A. B., A. M.

Φ B K, K Z

Professor of Romance Languages.

A. B., A. M., Tufts College, 1901; Instructor in Latin and Greek, Buchtel Academy, 1904-1913; Asst. Professor Romance Languages, 1913-1917; present position, 1917-.

CHARLES BULGER, A. M.

Π K E

Hilton Professor of German Language and Literature.

Ph. B., Buchtel College, 1908; Assistant in Department of German Language and Literature, 1907-1908; Principal Medina High School, 1908-1909; Acting Professor of German Language and Literature during absence of Professor Kolbe, 1910-1912; 1913-1914, Assistant Professor of German Language and Literature; 1914-1915, Graduate study at University of Wisconsin; present position, 1915-.

Amon B. Plowman, B. S., A. M., Ph. D.
Φ B K, Ξ A Φ
Professor of Biology.

B. S., Ohio Wesleyan, 1899; A. M., Harvard, 1902; Ph. D., Harvard, 1905; Instructor at Ohio Wesleyan, 1899-1901; Instructor at Radcliffe, 1902-1905; Instructor Harvard Summer School, 1902-1909; Professor of Natural Science, Kansas State Normal, 1905-1906; Professor of Natural Science and Dean, Beaver College, 1906-1909; Professor of Biology, Carroll College, 1909-1915; present position, 1915-. Member of American Health Ass'n. Member of Botanical Society of America. Fellow of American Ass'n. for Advancement of Science. Member of Societe Internationale des Botanistes. Member of Ohio Academy of Science. Member of Administrative Board, Ohio Biological Survey. Honorary member of Summit County Medical Society.

Joseph C. Rockwell, A. M., Ph. D.
Φ B K
Professor of Latin and Greek.

A. B., Wesleyan University, 1887; Student at Universities of Jena and Berlin, 1891-1894; Teacher two years at University of California; A. M., Harvard University, 1896; Ph. D., Jena, 1909; present position, 1902-.

Ruth Schoner Bair, B. S.

Instructor Home Economics.

Heidelberg, 1912-1913; B. S., Ohio State University, 1913-1916; 1916, Summer, Head Home Economics Dep't, Antioch College; 1916-1917, Instructor Home Economics, O. S. U.; 1917, Summer, Food Conservation Work in Akron; present position, 1917-.

Charles R. Olin, M. S.

Δ T Δ

Secretary of the University of Akron.

Treasurer of Buchtel College; Secretary of Board of Trustees of Buchtel College; Asst.-Professor in Mathematics; B. S., Buchtel College, 1885; Student of Library Science, 1889; Librarian, Buchtel College, 1889-1901; M. S., Buchtel College, 1909.

SIDNEY J. LOCKNER, A. M.
X Ψ, Σ Ξ

Ainsworth Professor of Mathematics and Physics.

On leave of absence for one year.

A. B., Union College, 1890; A. M., 1903; Assistant at Dudley Observatory, 1890-1893; Fellow, Physics, Clark University, 1893; Assistant Harvard College Observatory, 1894; Michigan Bar, 1895; New York Bar, 1897; Instructor Lehigh University, 1906-1911; Instructor Case School of Applied Science, 1911-1912; present position, 1912-.

HERMAS VICTOR EGBERT, A. M.

Instructor in Mathematics.

A. B., Western Reserve College, 1873-1877; A. M., Western Reserve College, 1880; 1878-1881, Asst. Astronomer, Cincinnati Observatory; 1881-1887, Asst. Astronomer, Dudley Observatory; 1887-1889, Asst. Astronomer, Washburn Observatory; 1889-1903, Professor of Math. and Astronomy, Buchtel College; 1907-1913, Asst. Professor of Mech. and Materials of Construction, Pennsylvania State College; 1913-1916, Instructor Math. and Mech., Cleveland Tech. Schools; Member Society Promotion Engineering Education; present position, 1917-.

Fred Sefton, B. S.

Director of the Dept. of Physical Education.

Vermont University, 1909-1910; B. S., Colgate University, 1910-1913; Assistant Physical Director at Colgate University, 1914-1915; present position, 1915-.

Carita McEbright, A. B.

K K Γ

Instructor of Oratory.

A. B., Cornell University; Graduate of Emerson College of Oratory; present position, 1910-.

MAX MORRIS, A. M.

Instructor in Mathematics.

Assistant in Mathematics, Buchtel College, 1911-1912; B. S., Buchtel College, 1913; A. M., Harvard University, 1914; University of Chicago, Summer, 1915; present position, 1914-.

MAX B. ROBINSON, M. E.

B Θ Π

Professor of Mechanical Engineering.

M. E., University of Cincinnati, 1912; Instructor in Co-ordination, University of Cincinnati, College of Engineering, 1912-1916; present position, 1916-.

CARL CASKEY SPEIDEL, PH. B., PH. D.
Φ B K

Instructor in Biology.

Ph. B., Lafayette College, 1910-1914; 1914-1916, Graduate Student and Asst. Instructor, Princeton University; 1916-1917, Research Fellow, Princeton; 1914, Summer, Asst. Collector, Cold Springs Harbor Research Work, Biological Laboratories; 1915, Summer, Harpswell, Me., Biological Laboratories; 1916, Summer, Research Work, Wood's Hole, Mass., Bureau of Fisheries; 1917, Summer, Research Work, U. S. Biological Station, Fairport, Iowa; present position, 1917-.

ETHEL J. (MRS.) WEILER, A. M.
Φ M

Instructor in Chemistry.

A. B., Ohio State University, 1909-1913; 1913-1914, Lecture-Assistant in Chemistry, Mt. Holyoke College; 1915-1916, Graduate Assistant in Chemistry, O. S. U.; A. M., O. S. U., 1916; 1916, Summer, Index Work, Chemical Abstract Journal; present position, January, 1918-.

Frank Dunbar Sturtevant, A. M.
ΦBK

Assistant-Professor of English.

A. B., St. Lawrence University, 1909; A. M., St. Lawrence University; Assistant in French and German, St. Lawrence University, 1908-1909; Professor of English and French, Lombard College, 1909-1912; present position, 1912-.

Albert Phelps Tuller, A. B.

Instructor in Greek and French.

A. B., Yale University, 1897; Morris Academy, 1899-1904; New Jersey Military Academy, 1904-1905; Utica High School, 1906-1907; 1907-1908, Graduate Work, University of Pennsylvania; 1908-1914, Assistant-Professor in Greek and German, Villanova College; present position, 1914-.

William Henry Cullum, A. M.

Instructor of Physics.

A. B., Albion College, 1911-1915; A. M., Illinois University, 1916; 1916-1917, Graduate Work, Math. and Physics, University of Michigan; present position, 1917-.

Ross C. Durst, C. E.

Instructor Civil Engineering.

B. S., Ohio Northern, 1911-1915; 1915-April, 1916, Engineering Work, Detroit; 1916-1917, Engineering Staff, Penna. Railroad, Ft. Wayne, Ind.; present position, 1917-. Member American Society for Promotion of Engineering Education.

Robert L. Sibley, A. M.

Instructor in Chemistry.

Δ Σ Δ

A. B., Clark College, 1910; Scholar in Chemistry, Clark University, 1910-1911; A. M., Clark University, 1911; Instructor in Chemistry, Hobart College, 1911-1913; Scholar and Graduate Assistant in Chemistry, Princeton University, 1913-1914; Member of American Chemical Society; present position, 1914-. Abstractor of Chemical Abstracts.

Amy Parker

Φ E O

City Home Demonstration Agent.

1914-1917, Ohio State University; University of Chicago, one year's previous training; 1913-1916, Part time instructor, Wallace School for Girls, Columbus; October, 1917, Home Demonstration Agent at Large in State of Ohio; present position, November, 1917-.

JOSEPH WOLF MARCH, A. B. in E. E.

Instructor of Electrical Engineering.

A. B., Swarthmore College, 1912-1916; Sept. 1916-Jan. 1918, International Correspondence Schools, Scranton, Pa.; present position, 1918-.

SARAH STIMMEL, B. S.

Professor and Director of the School of Home Economics.

B. S., Ohio State University, 1913; present position, 1914-.

ALBERT ABRAHAM SHAPIRO, Ph. D.
Φ B K

Instructor in Romance Languages.

A. B., Harvard, 1910-1913; A. M., Harvard, 1914; 1914-1915, Instructor French and Spanish, Tufts College; 1915-1916, Instructor French at Harvard and Sargent School and work on thesis at Harvard; 1916, Ph. D., Harvard; 1913, Summer, Travel in France; 1916-1917, Travel in South America as Sheldon Fellow from Harvard and Instructor in English at the University of Chile; 1912-1914, 125-pound wrestling champion; 1914-1915, 135-pound champion; present position, 1917-.

DELBERT F. BROWN, A. B.
Φ A II

Graduate Assistant in Chemistry.

A. B., Olivet College, 1913-1916; 1916-1917, Instructor of Science, Hastings, Mich., High School; Member American Chemical Society; present position, 1917-.

The Following Men are Now in the Service of the United States

Alumni and Former Students

Brown, Don ('17)
Bruner, George ('15)
Darrah, David ('17)
Gable, Norris ('17)
Gilbert, Walter ('13)
Jackson, Leo
Kittleberger, Fred ('17)
Knowlton, John ('17)
Moutes, George ('15)
Richardson, Marion ('17)
Strandborg, Carl ('16)
Yackee, Burt ('16)
Hunter, Livingston
Werner, Frank
Weber, Lyman ('14)
Karnaghan, Harry
Roth, Harry
Palmer, Russell
Steele, Lester W.
Weaver, Harold
Quayle, Thos.
Cahill, George
Brenizer, Howard
Kurtz, Wilbur
Swan, Willard
Moore, Harold
Sorg, Walter
Northup, Donald
Phelps, Arthur ('15)
Sidnell, A. E. ('14)
Hitchcock, Fred ('12)
Jackson, Theron ('09)
Pfaff, Helen ('10)
Gladwin, Mary ('87)
Wilson, Robert ('14)
Pfahl, Charles
Sammarone, Salvan ('17)
Ulrich, Joseph ('13)
Jackson, Jesse
Hotchkiss, Donald ('03)
Wanamaker, Walter
Viering, Lawrence
Kneale, Sterling
Ewart, Kenneth
Schaeffer, Carl ('17)
Cramer, Paul
Botsford, Laurence
Barnhart, Alfred
Turnbull, T. R.
Honodle, Henry

Honor Roll

Alumni and Former Students—Continued

Work, Ray
Seiberling, Raymond
Hart, Montgomery
Webster, Dan
Schworm, George
Thornton, Dwight
Reynolds, D. S. ('08)
Haines, Harold ('12)
Caruthers, Glenn
Hillman, Harry
Shea, Joseph
Squibbs, Hubert

Buchtel College of Liberal Arts

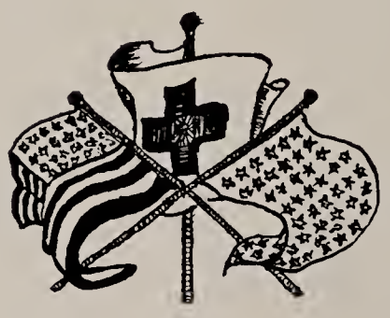
Babcock, George
Clark, La Verne
Wendt, Aubrey
Davis, Aubrey
Fosnight, Reed
Gudikunst, Earl
Spicer, Ralph
Wortman, Eldred
Williams, Joe
Camp, Ferdinand
Snider, George
Alvis, Harold
McAdoo, Bruce
Miller, W. G.
Kendall, Victor
Dunford, Emerson
Gillen, Francis
Williams, Hollie
Minnick, George
Kohn, Leona
Rogers, Virgil

Engineering School

Bevington, Eldon
Grimm, George
Hilliard, Claude
Hilliard, Frank
Donaldson, Glenn
Spalding, Fred
Wilgus, Ward
Welker, Thomas
Joel, Floyd
Judy, Lowell
Purdy, Harold
Daggett, Walter
Gorsuch, Frank
Braucher, Fred
Converse, Lucius
Burris, Calvin

Instructors

Brickley, Luke
Mathewson, J. S.
Adams, B. W.
Brown, Delbert



ALUMNI

Among the Alumni

Personals

CLASS OF '80

Rev. Vincent E. Tomlinson, Pastor of the First Universalist Church of Worcester, was made a member of the Board of Trustees, at the Universalist State Convention, for the coming term of years. Rev. Tomlinson was given the additional honor of being elected the preacher of the Occasional Sermon at the next convention.

CLASS OF '97

The Class of '97 held its reunion on the Campus during Commencement Week, 1917. They presented the University with a copy of Trumbull's "Signing of the Declaration of Independence," which has been hung in Karl F. Kolbe Hall.

CLASS OF '02

Alton Thomas has been spending some time this last winter in Norwalk. He has played in "St. Elmo," "The Goose Girl," and on the screen in "The Crisis."

Edna Rickard Hamilton is known to the guarantors of Oklahoma City as the "best business man" there. Besides her own concerts, she has booked grand opera to the amount of $200,000 this year. This includes the management of western concerts for Paderewski, Kreisler, Farrar, Melba, and The Boston Symphony Orchestra, in addition to booking The Chicago Grand Opera Company for its fall tour. She will manage concerts for Kreisler in the west and for Melba in Boston.

CLASS OF '04

C. C. Carlton is now with an auto wheel company of Lansing, Michigan.

CLASS OF '08

Ethel Roach is teaching domestic science in the Youngstown High School.

CLASS OF '10

We are proud to say that Helen Pfaff of our class is now a Red Cross nurse in France.

CLASS OF '11

Miss Harriet Dodge is teaching in Akron West High School.

CLASS OF '12

Harold Haines is now with the Glidden Varnish Company of Cleveland.

CLASS OF '14

Farlin Hockensmith is salesman for the Mechanical Department of The B. F. Goodrich Company, in Kansas City, Mo.

Alberta Roach has given up her work in the Charity Association and is at home.

Leah Marsh (ex '14) is teaching domestic science in the Martin's Ferry High School.

Among the Alumni

Personals

Mildred Joy is teaching history in the Barberton High School.

Marion Voris and Nelia Curtis are teaching in Akron Central High School.

Ritta Bruederlein is teaching in the Copley High School.

CLASS OF '15

Leora Dowell is taking graduate work at Ohio State University, and teaching mathematics and science in the Avondale Junior High School. She seems to think that Chillicothe is a long way from Columbus.

"Mark" Hanna writes that he is still chief, head, and only chemist at the Davol Rubber Company. He likes Providence but remembers all of his old friends.

CLASS OF '16

Eva Rohner is taking graduate work in German at Wisconsin University. Soon it will be Eva Rohner, A. M.

Eva Pfahl is teaching at Spicer School of Akron.

William Cooper is principal of the Edinburg High School.

"Betty" Dresher is attending a Deaconess' School in New York City.

CLASS OF '17

Edgar Hugi is teaching at New Manchester, Indiana.

Inez Frederick is teaching at Andover, Ohio.

Raymond A. Mertz is in Government work at Canton, Mass.

Dorothy Quinlan Waldsmith is at home in Cleveland.

Honora Tobin is teaching domestic science at St. Vincent's, Akron.

Anne Burkman is with the Firestone Rubber Company.

Helen Mallory is head dietitian at the People's Hospital in Akron.

Josephine Cleaver is teaching home economics at Eden, Ohio.

Mrs. Simms is taking graduate work at Western Reserve.

Ira Poules is working in Cleveland.

Arbie Carlton is in the University Chemical Department.

Baldwin Santom is chemist at the Republic Rubber Company of Youngstown.

Percy Stansfield is with The B. F. Goodrich Company.

Esther Olin is at home.

Sammy Roth is attending Western Reserve Medical School.

Julia Hardie is assisting at the Akron Public Library. She has recently announced her engagement to Arthur Hill.

Elliot Geisinger is working with Dr. Zimmerli at Rochester, N. Y.

Robert Azar is studying law at Washington, D. C.

Hubert Squibbs is with the Kelly-Springfield Company, soon to leave for Camp Sherman.

Deaths

John M. Lytle (ex '12) was killed in an auto accident on Sherbondy Hill, August 4, 1917.

Raymond Clifford died recently in New York City, where he was practicing medicine. Mr. Clifford was a member of Lone Star Fraternity.

Among the Alumni

Marriages

Miss Bessie Roethehoefer ('11) was married to Mr. George Clancy, formerly of Meadville, Pa., on August 26, 1917. Mr. and Mrs. Clancy are living in Kenmore.

On June 12th, Miss Mary Alice Rines and Mr. Fred Hitchcock ('12) were married. Mr. Hitchcock left immediately for Officer's Training Camp and Mrs. Hitchcock resumed her Professorship of Romance Languages at the University.

Chas. Hull (ex '14) was married in June, 1917, to Lois Clark of Louisville, Kentucky, formerly of Akron. Rev. Hull graduated in June, 1917, from Bexley Hall at Kenyon College and now has charge of a parish at Willoughby, Ohio.

Ethel Dye (ex '14) and Earl Sanborn of this city were married in September, 1917.

Clementine Glock ('16) and James Snapp were married November 23, 1917. Mr. and Mrs. Snapp are at home at 90 S. Maple Street.

On December 5, 1917, Helen Dwyer and Charles Frank were married. Mr. and Mrs. Frank are living at 927 W. Market Street.

Wilson Smith (ex '16) and Grace Craig (ex '19) were married November 26, 1917. Mr. and Mrs. Smith are making their home with Mrs. Smith's mother on Berg Street.

Ann Allen ('16) and Carl Strandborg Pierce ('16) were married December 24, 1917. Mr. Pierce is in the service.

On June 23, 1917, Ira Poules ('17) announced his marriage to Miss Geraldine Cogan, which had taken place a year before but which had been kept secret until that time.

Dorothy Quinlan ('17) and Ralph Waldsmith ('14) were married previous to the departure of Mr. Waldsmith for training camp.

Arbie Carlton ('17) and Miss Pauline Beach were married during the summer and are making their home in Akron.

Baldwin Santom ('17) and Norma Linney (ex '19) were married on August 29, 1917, and are making their home in Youngstown.

On January 1, 1918, Rachael Fleming ('17) and Raymond Mertz ('17) were married. Mr. and Mrs. Mertz are at home at 328 E. Buchtel Ave.

Edna Mairet (ex '16) and Percy Stansfield ('17) were married on September 27, 1917, and are living on Madison Ave.

Frances Whigam (ex '18) and John Loyd Nichols of Baltimore were married April 3, 1918. Mr. Nichols is in the Aviation Service.

Josephine Joy (ex '17) and Harry Graef were married in January, 1918. They are making their home at 28 S. Balch Street.

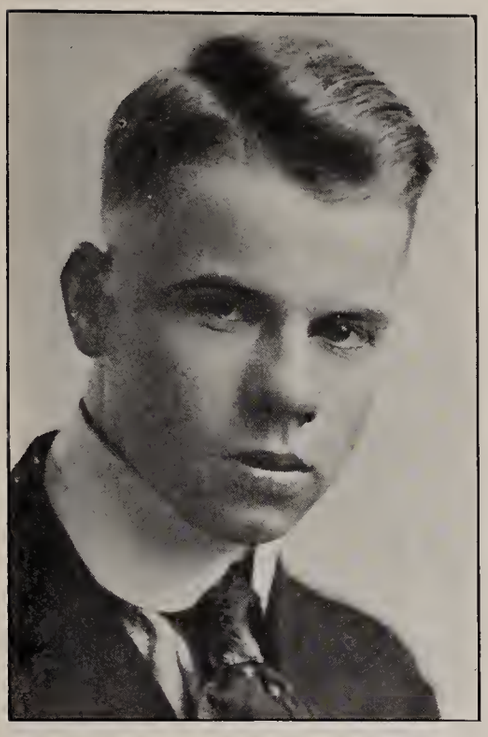
On Saturday, March 22, 1918, Grace Lienhard (ex '18) was married to Winfred Slocum at Columbus. Mr. Slocum left immediately for a training camp in Texas.

1918 TEL-BUCH STAFF

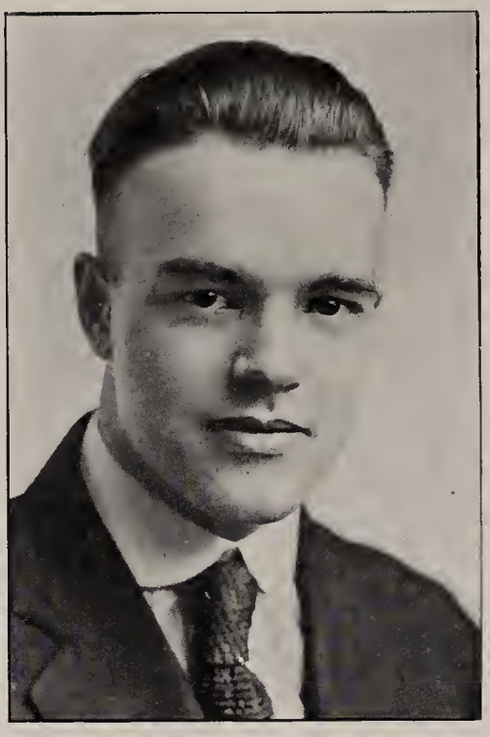
EDITORS

Louise Taylor,
Editor-in-Chief.

Robert Christy,
Business Manager.



Howard Myers,
Associate Editor.



Oscar Hunsicker,
Joke Editor.

L. E. Ellsworth,
Photograph Editor.

To Old U. of A.

Here's to the years that are stretching ahead,
To the days that are blithesome and gay,
May the joys of the old be the joys of the new,
And the sorrows fade gently away.

BLUMEN

Alma Mater

Close beside Cuyahoga's waters,
Stream of amber hue,
O'er old Buchtel, Summit's glory,
Waves the gold and blue.

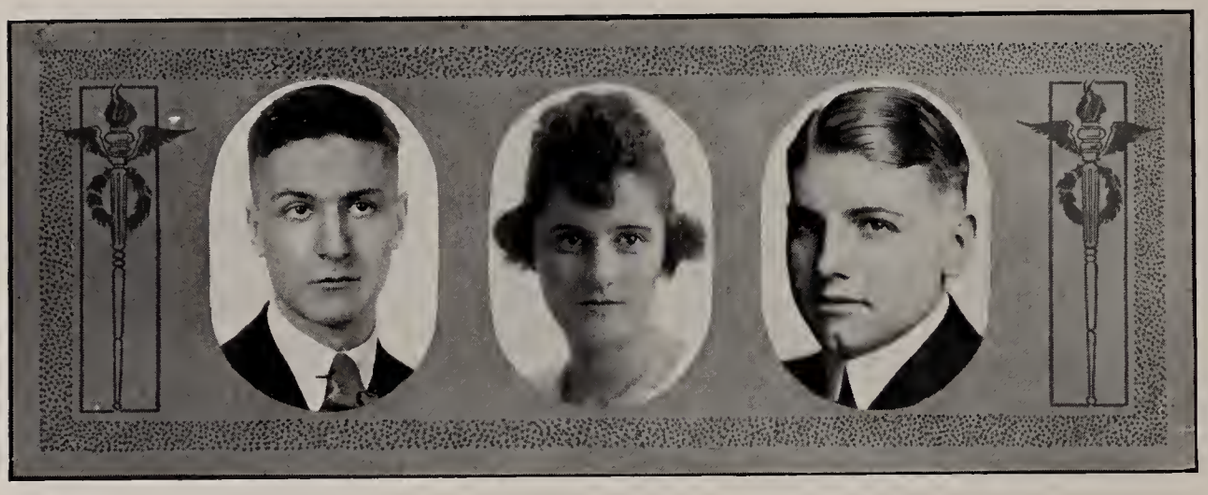
Chorus

Hail we Buchtel! Sound her praises,
Speed them on the gale,
Ever stand our Alma Mater,
Buchtel, hail, all hail!

Greeks may sing of Mt. Olympus,
Jats of Punjab lore.
We will sing in classic story,
Buchtel evermore.

Fair the light that gilds our homestead,
Rich in mem'ry's store;
Glad when Alma Mater calls us,
Filial as of yore.

SENIORS
MYERS



ROBERT ROWSE,
Akron, Ohio.

Bachelor of Science.

Determined "Spike"—a man of actions, not of words. Fights for the school with a true-blue spirit. Bosses the Student Council and the Senior Class. Rules with an iron hand. Gives military orders in drill. He has joined the "Silent majority"—soon to be anna-mated.

Track: 1916-18.
Cross-Country: 1916-17.
Pres. of Athletic Assoc.: 1916-17.
Junior Rep. Student Council: 1917.
Junior Captain in Military Drill: 1918.
Pres. of Student Council: 1917-18.
Pres. of Senior Class: 1917-18.

Zeta Alpha Epsilon.

LEROY TOMKINSON,
Akron, Ohio.

Bachelor of Philosophy.

A real live athlete. Can make a touchdown or a basket with equal ease. A vivid ideal for athletes of future generations. Considered the best player in the Ohio Conference; has won honors and letters for three years in three sports. Known altogether by the name of "Tommy." Favorite expression—"Shoot! Shoot!"

Basketball: 1915-18.
Football: 1915-18.
Baseball: 1915-18.
Sophomore Rep. Dance Committee: 1916.

Lone Star.

HAZEL MCCONNELL,
Akron, Ohio.

Bachelor of Science.

Our dark-eyed, tiny Hazel! Capable of undertaking any task, but unaware of her powers. Majored in Home Economics and loves it. Noted for her quick, decisive judgments and jovial disposition.

"Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear."

Not true with our sunny Hazel,

For "Sick" discovered her beauty rare.

May Queen's honor attendant: 1916.
Junior Representative Student Council: 1917.

Delta Gamma.

MARGUERITE PLACE,
Akron, Ohio.

Bachelor of Philosophy.

A dark beauty! Business-like, hustling, diplomatic, vivacious "Maggie." Capable of managing anything from Woman's League to Tel-Buch. Very sensible and independent. Has a pleasant word for everyone and dotes on dates.

Vice-Pres. Woman's League: 1916.
May Queen: 1916.
Pres. Dramatic Study Club: 1917-1918.
Society Editor Buchtelite: 1916-18.
Editor Tel-Buch: 1917.
Pres. Woman's League: 1917-18.

Phi Mu.

LLOYD ELLSWORTH,
Streetsboro, Ohio.

Bachelor of Philosophy.

A student with true college spirit! Small, but mighty "Elsie," who can keep half a dozen men at bay with his "mitts." Usually seen rushing up and down the halls searching for more Buchtelite news. Hobby—taking snapshots for the Tel-Buch. Sefton's delight—tried and never found lacking.

Dramatic Study Club: 1916-17.
Economics Club: 1916.
Reporter on Buchtelite Staff: 1917.
Photograph Editor Tel-Buch: 1917-1918.
Football Manager: 1917.
Asst. Editor Buchtelite: 1917-18.

Sigma Beta.

ANNA NALL,
Akron, Ohio.

Bachelor of Science.

Must have a craze for money, for she always fills the office of treasurer, be it Y. W. or Senior Class. A calm and level-headed thinker. Math. is her favorite course, and she can figure out any problem. Partial to Miss Findley's course. Favorite pastime—to be on the steps talking to "Spike."

Treasurer of Y. W. C. A.: 1916.
Treasurer of Woman's League: 1917.
Treasurer of Senior Class: 1918.
Senior Representative Student Council: 1918.

Kappa Kappa Gamma.

V. Dewey Lidyard,
Akron, Ohio.

Bachelor of Philosophy.

"Duke" has been our faithful Buchtelite Editor for two years. A real live wire, who pulls for Akron U. Dotes on dancing and Dramatic Study. Has a keen sense of humor. Greatest aim is to be an actor. Usually to be found in Buchtelite office, hemmed in by stacks of college news.

Freshman Speaker, Tree-Day: 1915.
Business Manager Dramatic Study Club: 1916.
Assistant Editor Tel-Buch: 1917.
Economics Club: 1916.
Winner of First Prize in Ashton Contest: 1916.
Editor-in-Chief of Buchtelite: 1916-1918.

Sigma Beta.

Alexander Todd,
Akron, Ohio.

Bachelor of Science.

A quiet little lad with a peculiar sense of humor. Specializes in "Daddy's" courses. A "Biology Bug." Favorite activity—drilling. A second Barney Oldfield.

His face is fair,
His form erect,
And when he speaks,
It's sure direct.

Sigma Beta.

Martha Means,
Akron, Ohio.

Bachelor of Philosophy.

A student who really studies! Never received a grade below E in her life. A dependable girl—but very quiet. Believes firmly in her patriotic duty. "Martie" is Sturtevant's delight, and she assists in French, too. A very well-read girl.

Secretary of Junior Class: 1917.

Assistant in French: 1917.

Phi Mu.

OLIVER DRIESBACH,
Akron, Ohio.

Bachelor of Philosophy.

A regular football hero! Big-hearted, good-natured "Ollie," easily fussed. Never known to like a girl (?). A mighty man among men. As a tackle in football, he was placed on the first all-conference honorary eleven. A history shark. Has big blue eyes, light hair and a well-controlled temper.

Football for four years.
Football Captain: 1916-17.
Baseball Manager: 1916-17.
A wearer of the "A."

Lone Star.

MARION SNYDER,
Akron, Ohio.

Bachelor of Philosophy.

A good speaker is Marion, who knows what he wants to say and says it. A good worker, regular in attendance at classes. Does not seem to care much for the company of girls, yet is not a bit bashful. Shows his school spirit by making his appearance on the baseball field and helping U. of A. to win.

Baseball: 1916-1917.

DOROTHY TIBBITTS,
Akron, Ohio.

Bachelor of Philosophy.

Industrious "Tibbie," whose knitting is never absent. We believe she knits in her sleep. Jolly, universally well-liked, a good worker on all sorts of committees. Wasn't quite sure she wanted to graduate, but eventually decided in favor of higher education. Must be of a philosophical turn of mind, as she seemed very fond of "Daddy's" classes.

Delta Gamma.

LEONARD GREEN,
Kent, Ohio.

Bachelor of Philosophy.

Leonard Green, whose smile was never known to fail and whose glasses help to make him look, oh! so studious. Modest, quiet, retiring, except on the baseball field, where he shines. Rosy cheeked and likes to be thought chivalrous by the ladies, though he says he prefers the home product to the city product when it comes to girls. Favorite Expression: "What's for me to do, boys?"

Baseball: 1916-1917.

Buchtelite Reporter: 1917.

Sigma Beta.

EDWIN MANTHEY,
Akron, Ohio.

Bachelor of Philosophy.

Another quiet chap, our Manthey. Believes in conservation; that is, conservation of speech. Despite this, we are told that he is a wizard, in fact, a Napoleon, in finance. No doubt, when he seems so absorbed in matters of philosophical speculation, his mind is really engrossed in sordid business speculation. Drives a Jeffery car.

Student Council: 1917-1918.

MABEL BABCOCK,
Akron, Ohio.

Bachelor of Philosophy.

Dauntless "Babbie," who always takes a dare. Thoughtful of people on their birthdays. Thinks life is romantic—thus majors in romance languages. Hobby—Knitting.

She is witty to talk with,
Pretty to walk with,
And pleasant, too—to think on.

Treasurer of Woman's League: 1916.
Maid-of-Honor to May Queen: 1915.
President Dramatic Study Club: 1916.
Junior Rep. Junior Hop Reception Committee: 1916.

FRANCIS D. GILLEN,
Akron, Ohio.

Bachelor of Arts.

Amiable and happy-go-lucky; no worry nor hurry about "Hap," but he gets there just the same. Has left us to join Federal Service in Medical Corps. Special hobby—majoring in "Daddy's" classes. Haunts the library studying Lit. Knows how to find the way to a woman's heart, and does it.

Active in Track: 1916.
Cross-Country: 1916-17.
Economics Club: 1916.

Lone Star.

MARTIN SCHMIDT,
Akron, Ohio.

Bachelor of Science.

Dignified Martin, whose dignity can be quickly cast aside when the occasion demands. Does not believe in taking too much work in his Senior year. Advocates preparedness and studying hard the preceding three years. Interested in Chemistry and Dramatics, an unusual combination, but seems to agree with Martin. Perhaps the out-of-door rehearsals of the Dramatic Study Club offsets the effects of the fume-laden chem. lab.

Dramatic Study Club: 1916-1918.

Sigma Beta.

LUCRETIA OLIN,
Wadsworth, Ohio.

Bachelor of Philosophy.

Sunny, fun-loving "Lukie," whose disposition is as excellent as her appearance. Strawberry blond exactly describes her. Everyone claims "Luke" for a friend. Specializes on jokes. Believes in theory—smile and the world smiles with you. Is thoroughly capable and can, when occasion demands, take a serious as well as an optimistic viewpoint of life.

Secretary Y. W. C. A.: 1915-1916.
Buchtelite Society Editor: 1916-18.
Vice-President Junior Class: 1917.
Vice-President Y. W. C. A.: 1917.
Dramatic Study Club: 1916-1917.
Secretary Senior Class: 1917-1918.

Phi Mu.

CYRIL SMITH,
Akron, Ohio.

Bachelor of Science.

Senior in Absentia.

For three years, Cyril attended the College on the Hill. But Cyril is ambitious, and coveted two degrees, hence his departure for Ohio State, where he is taking a course in civil engineering. He liked debating, and was a staunch supporter of our college band. He could play any instrument the occasion demanded.

BRUCE E. MCADOO,
Akron, Ohio.

Bachelor of Philosophy.

Our fiddler! "Mac" even had an orchestra of his own. He left school to join in the Federal Service, and is serving in that capacity as quartermaster-sergeant in the Aviation Corps. Doctor Plowman's cat-killer, and assistant in Biology. Interested in Dramatics.

President of Economics Club: 1916.
Member of Orchestra: 1915-17.
Assoc. Editor Buchtelite: 1916-17.
Assistant in Biology: 1916-17.

Sigma Beta.

HAZEL PUTT,
Akron, Ohio.

Bachelor of Science.

Quiet, unassuming "Puttie." Never known to "flunk" a quiz. Always willing to take charge of a dinner, for she knows how to cook. A fair teacher, who knits continually for the soldiers. She spends much time in meditation on soldier(s).

Junior Representative on Woman's League Council: 1916.

Delta Gamma.

"Martie"
"Puttie"
Green
SENIORS
Smidt
"Bob"
"Babbie"

Manthey
"Elsie"
"Maggie"
Anna
"Tommy"
"Ollie"
Smith.

"Lucie"

"Mac" (?)

"Duke"

"Hap"

Snyder

"Tibbie"

"Alex"

Twenty Years After

University of Akron.

Dear Peggy:—

My dear, such excitement! Of course, you have heard from your mother all about the wonderful Class of 1918, of which my mother, Mrs. Gordon Tyler, nee Mabel Babcock, was a member. They are just now celebrating the twentieth anniversary of their graduation at Akron. From their pictures in mother's old Tel-Buch, I had imagined them all as young girls and handsome boys, but such rare birds as they are!

Mother rushed home this morning all in a frenzy of excitement—she had gone personally to the florist to superintend the ordering of the flowers to decorate the house, and while there met the manager of the chain of florist shops who lives in New York. He had stopped at this branch store and mother, excited by the flurry of the clerks at his unexpected arrival, also looked up, and who do you think this gentleman was? It was Tommy Tomkinson! Well, you can imagine how pleased she was to see him, for she had been unable to find out his whereabouts to tell him of the reunion—but, of course, now he will be here to help celebrate.

"Sheriff Nell of Ohio" is the title of the girl I've heard mother speak about so often—Dorothy Tibbitts. I guess she is terrible when she gets started—dauntless, brave, and fearless. She defies even the Chief of Police. In everything from a nice big murder to a chewing-the-rag match, she is there in her Studebaker car, and shoot—why she can shoot the stars out of place!

The first to come to the reunion was Martha Means. I was rather overawed to meet the President of Vassar, but she wasn't as dreadful as I had imagined, although her hair was skinned back painfully tight. She must be quite a wonderful woman to manage a thousand girls so easily—but she claims it isn't half as nerve racking as trying to keep order in the halls of Buchtel.

Mr. and Mrs. Rowse came with Miss Means, for they live in the same city. Miss Means said that they have a beautiful home in the suburbs and three of the best behaved children. Bob is a successful undertaker. Mrs. Rowse invited us to go sight-seeing in her husband's morgue, and said that we would be interested to know that Leonard Green was there—as chief medical inspector.

Twenty Years After — Continued

I suppose you have seen the new play which is quite decidedly the hit of the season? If so, you will be glad to know that we are entertaining two of the company—Dewey Lidyard, who has the leading role and the chief character man, Ellsworth. Mother and Dad are terribly proud to have such nation-wide known guests.

But, my dear, the greatest sensation of all is the Marquise de la Bose! She is the most graceful and utterly adorable person I ever saw. All of her clothes came from Paris; she has different costumes for every little occasion and they are all so chic and Frenchy. Of course, you have guessed that the Marquise before her marriage was Lucretia Olin.

Just while the guests were arriving, a telegram came from California, where Mr. Driesbach is recuperating from his recent illness. It seems that he was most anxious to enter the army, but on finding out that he was not strong enough, he took to drinking and it was some months before he was himself again. Now he is much better and is endeavoring to fit himself physically for army life.

Oh, the most interesting person came in on the evening train. She is Mrs. Ling Hop Lu, wife of the Prince of the Province of Cheling in China. She was Maggie Place when she was in Buchtel, and then took up missionary work. Her husband has now been appointed ambassador to the United States, so she will spend much time here in the future.

She brought with her the most interesting news about Alexander Todd and Marion Snyder. It seems that Marion Snyder is doing government work in China and his business happens to be in the same city where Mr. Todd is preaching.

And here is a precious bit of news—Hazel McConnell just arrived and she told us she had sacrificed her love to duty and responded to a call to be a dietitian in a French hospital since the war. She is only in this country for a short visit, intending to return soon. She is now wearing, instead of the bone and crescent, the medal of honor.

Miss McConnell brought word with her that Hap Gillen is chief medical advisor to the French President. Mother says that she's awfully glad, for he surely would make a good doctor—he always could make one feel better even by his smiling. She also said that Manthey, who they well remember as being one of the aces in the war, has established an aviation school which promises to be the best in the world.

Twenty Years After — Continued

The Titian blonde, a tall and dashing widow, Mrs. Reginald Archibald Rockerbilt, was Hazel Putt. Although now divorced from Mr. Rockerbilt, he provides her with a liberal alimony, which enables her to take a leading place among New York's smart set. It is said that after the last election, she took all the Four Hundred to Atlantic City for a clam-bake, so you may know that she entertains in regal style. She is rather languid and has had every meal but one sent to her room. She carries a lorgnette and has a very supercilious way of looking at one through it.

Martin Schmidt sent his sincere regrets but said that he could not come for he is deeply interested in the study of science and has almost discovered why twelve angels can stand on the point of a needle.

Well, dear, I must stop for this time for this letter is already dreadfully long. Give my best and all the news to your mother and write me your plans for the summer.

As ever,

JEAN.

Juniors

Junior Class

Colors—Purple and White

President ..... Charles Whalen
Vice-President ..... Pauline Rowley
Secretary ..... Helen Shaffer
Treasurer ..... John Cable

Arnold, Wendell
Bierce, Bruce
Boedicker, Earl
Cable, John
Carroll, Marie
Christy, Robert
Durant, Amy
Gilbert, Carl
Grafton, John
Graham, Katherine
Haley, Arthur
Hardie, Helen
Harris, Guy
Henderson, John
Henegan, Olive
Hollingsworth, Edith
Holloway, Harold
Hottenstein, Howard
Hunsicker, Oscar
Jones, Loretta
Jones, Carl
Kepler, Helen
Kohn, Leona
Makman, Saul
Marvin, Eleanor
Minnick, George
Motz, Clarence
Myers, Howard
Osborne, Joseph
Palmer, Roland
Purdy, Walter
Robinson, Irma
Rogers, Virgil
Ross, Donald
Rowley, Pauline
Ruttman, Carl
Shaffer, Carl
Shaffer, Helen
Stevenson, Alta
Taylor, Louise
Thomas, Mary
Werner, Herman
Whalen, Charles
Wolf, Cecilia
Elstein, Mordechai

Junior Class History

We came in like lambs and are going out like lions. As Freshmen, we were one of those remarkable classes composed of brilliant men and beautiful women. Our manners were perfect. Instructed to defer to upper classmen, we tendered the class supremacy to the Sophomores, and we were rewarded, for those same lofty Sophomores gave a party for us in preference to the other classes (of course, they had inside information that we would return the honor).

Our second year, following the course of a true narrative, increased in interest. Although the Freshmen won the class contest, they were properly subdued in the matter of wearing their blue and gold caps. Many a Freshman had the fire of his genius cooled at the watering trough.

In any other class, it would be boasting to tell of the successful Tree Day which we staged. As a member of the Class of '19, I can truthfully say that never was there such a day.

This year, feeling that our proteges, the Freshman Class, did not fully appreciate their triumph over the Sophomores, we celebrated for them. Truly our class colors, purple and white, were stained on the minds of the college faculty.

As a fitting close to our third year and a mere hint of what is coming next year, we are putting out this annual.

Watch the Class of 1919!

Junior Class Poem

You have heard how the woman who lived in the shoe
Sent all her kids up to Akron U.
The number of them as they stood up in line
In the Freshman year was eighty and nine,
But the ranks of that bunch have thinned to a few,
Though some of the old are replaced by the new.

As Freshmen green we broke not a rule,
On the other hand we surprised the whole school
By our power and push—but still a few
Flunked in Math. and Chem. and returned to the shoe.
Though as wayward yearlings no green caps we wore,
But fought like the deuce with each Sophomore,
In our second year we were very mean
To the newly-come Freshies, and caps of green
Were a common sight, and we laugh even yet
To think how the stubborn ones got their pants wet.

We have given our athletes to play every game,
And are proud that our men have upheld Akron's name.
For one, Nasty Arthur prefers red hair,
For another, Bob Christy who trots like a mare;
And Scotty, a footballist, still in the bud,
And Hans who covers the field like mud,
And Whalen whose crew safely weathered the squall
With such men as Ping playing basketball.

But all of these boys make a pea in a peck
'Side of some of our Junior girls, by heck.
Why, we wouldn't trade our women, their giggles and looks
For a million plunks or a schoolful of books.
They keep up our spirits, for Alta's so jolly
And there ne'er was a girl so cheerful as Polly,
Keppie takes charge of the athletic spreads,
And Cele does the talking for much wiser heads.
Though Worty's away, Helen's still full of joy,
Amy's from Hiram, and Jonesy—Oh, Boy!
We do love our girls as we often have said.
What's four years at college without a co-ed?

Junior Class Poem — Continued

Ollie turned away from her chosen goal
But hustled back when she heard the rule
"If you're on a good thing, be sure that you stick,"
(Old Palmer went out but came back on a kick.)

There isn't the room on this Tel-Buch page
To write of each Junior, his name or her age,
But there are some good fellows you just ought to know,
For the way of a man with a maid do they go:
Pop Henderson certainly shows them the way,
'Lil Oscar is seen in the halls every day
A-fussin' and flirtin' and coaxin' for a date,
Joey's eyes tell that he stays out too late.
Gulick and Cable and Chick often fall,
Ping runs like a goose when a girl calls,
Myers keeps a camera always on hand,
And says "Helen, look pleasant, that pose is just grand."
If Gumdrop Holloway went off to war
The girls would ride in his flivver no more.

And thus do the Juniors at Akron U.
Bring fame to the old woman who lives in the shoe.

Superlatives

Best Athlete ..... Joe Osborne
Most Versatile ..... Chick Whalen
Best Student ..... Carl Ruttman
Handsomest Man ..... Bruce Bierce
Best Talker ..... Herman Werner
Biggest Fusser ..... Johnny Cable
Sportiest Guy ..... Guy Harris
Biggest Grind ..... Art Haley
Worst Knocker ..... Hottenstein
Least Religious ..... Carl Gilbert
Most Ambitious ..... Roland Palmer
Best Liked ..... Henderson
Biggest Bluffer ..... Arnold
Best Humored ..... Hunsicker

SOPHS

Sophomore Class

Colors—Gold and White

President ..... Clarence Swigart
Vice-President ..... Rolland Fox
Secretary ..... Ruth Magennis
Treasurer ..... Jack Griffith

Andreas, Anna
Avery, Bryan
Babutza, Theodore
Browning, Rufus
Bruner, Byron
Burt, Harriet
Butler, Whitney
Calvin, Ruth
Cooper, Leslie
Dugan, Martin
Dunford, Emerson
Emmons, Clande
Fox, Rolland
Frampton, Bertha
Frick, Iva
Garver, Katherine
Griffith, Jack
Hass, Eugene
Hawk, Ethel
Holmwood, Walter
Hudson, Vyla
Kepler, Lois
Kerch, Hazel
Knowlton, Arthur
Krubbfeldt, Mabel
McIlwain, Mary
Magennis, Ruth
Marshall, Mildred
Pfahl, Wilbert
Stump, Walter
Swigart, Clarence
Tanner, Marjorie
Urpman, Nina
Vaughan, Wilola
Waldkirck, Earl
Waltz, Leland
Welker, Waldo
Williams, Glenn
Wilson, Harold

Sophomore Class History

Half of the race is in the start. That accounts for the Class of 1920 being winners. They began their illustrious career by dragging an innocent-looking one-inch rope through the icy waters of the Ohio Canal. "What a queer thing to do," you say. Oh, not so queer when you know that all of the able-bodied male members of the Class of 1919 were attached to the other end of the rope.

Once started, of course they couldn't be stopped and on the gridiron they made the rest of the would-be athletes look like children.

In society, they knew no equal. A certain party given by this blue ribbon class will go down in history as being the best class party given in Crouse Gym.

The second year of their existence was no less eventful than the first. They displayed their usual "pull" when they marched down the athletic field bringing the Class of 1921 and a huge telephone pole behind them. There are rumors—rumors, understand—of other physical contests having taken place that day between the two classes, but mere rumors have no place in this narrative of facts.

What the future holds in store for this lively bunch of students—I say students because some of them have been known to study on several occasions—is beyond our power to foretell, but it goes without saying that they will uphold their splendid record made in the first two years of their college life.

That's the Sophomores

When you come to the class where all you see
  Is bright and happy looks,
Where smiles are broad and grouches few
  In spite of Sturtie's books;
Where exams come but twice a year
  And they still bring their gains,
Where no one has to be a crook,
  'Cause all of them have brains—
    That's the Sophomores!

Whose days are bright and full of life,
  Whose record holds no stain,
Who strive to master everything
  That leads to the halls of fame;
What crowd are they who always seem
  In most things to excel?
In Lit., or yes, in Rhetoric themes
  And French and Math. as well—
    That's the Sophomores!

That's the Sophomores — Continued

Last year they were the Freshman crew
But even then showed pluck;
They pulled the Sophs through H_2O,
Each Soph seemed quite a duck.
They gave the school a party, too,
And served up regular eats,
In fact, they did give more than one,
And yes—performed bright feats—
That's the Sophomores!

This year we've continued on the way—
The flowery way to knowledge—
We've done our duty day by day
For Dear Old Buchtel College,
And though we've only two years more
We'll surely keep them clear
Of too much work or too much play
Or of one unhappy tear—
That's the Sophomores!

The Soph Primer

A—is for Andreas who is quiet and demure.
B—for Burt, our littlest girl.
C—is for Cooper, a very bright star.
D—stands for Dunford who has gone to war.
E—for Emmons, a questioning lad.
F—is for Foxie whose wit ne'er is bad.
G—stands for Garver, a popular miss.
H—is for Hudson—ask Pete about this.
I—for Iva who dreaming loves to sit.
J—stands for Jack who fusses quite a bit.
K—is for Knowlton who, too, fussing went.
L—is for Lois on fortune-tellers bent.
M—for Magennis who in autos loves to ride.
N—is for Nina, our Bible Lit. pride.
P—stands for Pfahl who never will talk.
R—is for Ross who with girls doth walk.
S—for Swigart, our Basketball man.
T—for Tanner, a Wilsonite fan.
V—is for Vaughan who for E's has yearned.
W—for Welker who in French is well learned.

And so on and so forth, there are many more yet,
But alas—there seems to be no more alphabet.

FRESHMEN

Freshman Class

Colors—Green and Gold

President ..... James Weeks
Vice-President ..... Karl Kolbe
Secretary ..... Walter Wood
Treasurer ..... William Knowlton

Adler, Bernard
Akers, Marjorie
Alexander, Marcella
Auseon, Frances
Bailey, Beatrice
Berrodin, Henry
Betzler, Alma
Bierce, Marion
Blackburn, Grace
Blower, William
Brockett, Warren
Bruner, Harold
Bunnell, Wilbur
Burkett, Helen
Capron, Miriam
Carmichael, Frances
Carney, Lynn
Caswell, Edward
Christensen, Chester
Cunnington, Amy
Eckert, Herman
Falk, Martha
Falls, Joseph
Foster, Harry
Frase, Ralph
Freedlander, Rosalind
Glatther, Ruth
Graves, Lillian
Greenwald, John
Griffin, Earl
Groves, Helen
Guth, Louise
Hassler, Miriam
Hilton, Mac
Horn, Dorothy
Hower, Isabel
Huren, Genevieve
Kaufman, Ruth
Keating, David
Keck, Isa
Keeney, Arthur
Kline, Helen
Knowlton, William
Kolbe, Karl
Kramer, Earl
Kraus, Luise
Kryder, Kathryn
Lancaster, Emmer
Lancaster, R. D.
Leland, Maxine
Looker, Helene
Looker, Lucy
Lynn, Helen
Martin, Helene
May, Dean
Melvin, Willard
Miles, Agnes
Miller, Bert
Moore, Chester
Morganstern, A.
Moul, Wanda
Musser, Harold
Nighman, Ruth
Osterhouse, Helen
Porosky, Joseph
Post, Thomas
Rowley, William
Ruple, Paul
Rybolt, Ethel
Saviers, Naomi
Sawyer, Robert
Shuter, Ralph
Singer, James
Smith, Elaine
Snyder, Harold
Steiner, Mae Belle
Stevenson, Hazel
Strevey, Florence
Sutliff, Ray
Sutton, Rodney
Tabor, William
Thomas, Harold
Thomas, Mildred
Timmis, Margaret
Wagner, Doris
Wagner, Florence
Washburn, Margaret
Weaver, Alleyne
Wentz, Edward
Whalen, Louise
Williams, Hollie
Williams, Mildred
Willyard, Warner
Wilson, Nora
Wood, Walter
Wright, Helen
Weeks, James

Freshman Class History

Our history does not differ greatly from the history of the classes which have gone before us. We have done nothing remarkable, for Freshmen are not expected to do remarkable things. A statement of a few facts, however, will not go amiss.

Our class is the largest that ever entered Buchtel College. This fact merits more than passing consideration, because we entered college at a time when the tendency of men was to stay out to answer the call of their country. It also shows that the members of our class realize that it is their duty to prepare themselves for the grave problems which will arise after we win the war.

We were becoming accustomed to our surroundings when the esteemed Sophomores invited us to an informal —yes, very informal reception—at Buchtel Field, but they insisted that we furnish the necessary implements of amusement. The appointed day arrived, and we made our debut in clothes which were, for the greater part, rescued from mothers' rag bags. Being polite guests, we permitted our hosts to win the first affair. Then we persuaded them to take a shower bath in the stream from a three-inch fire hose. The impetuous upper classmen were disciplined with a calsomining of mud. The deciding contest was a relay race which we won with remarkable ease. With due respect to the Sophomores, we venture to assert that, although they are fast men, they run too long in the same place.

We accepted our victory modestly, and went to work to overcome the stumbling blocks in our path as efficiently as we vanquished our first opponents. A few of our class have gracefully withdrawn from the fray but the class continues to march forward. We expect to continue as successfully as we have started, as we have established a standard up to which the coming classes will strive to come.

Freshman Class Poem

The Poet's Appeal for Help.

May the Muses and angels and the wandering shades
Of all the dead poets, from Chaucer to Riley,
Assist a poor Freshman who painfully wades
Through a rubbish of rhyme in search of some highly
Appropriate metrical sane verbiage,
To ornament Tel-Buch's most illustrious page. [1]

Help Arrives.

These poetical spooks in executive meeting
Appointed as guide of the twenty-one crowd,
A guardian angel—who brought us kind greeting,
And made this suggestion—"If it might be allowed
In matter and meter you will not go wrong
If you copy the rhythm of our national song." [2]

Our First Day in College.

The angel then turned back the pages of knowledge
Until he arrived at our first day in school.
A picture was sketched, "The Freshman in College,"
He said "It resembles a ——— or a ———."
(By our vigilant censor the above was deleted,
So this verse is now doomed to remain uncompleted.)

The angel, sub rosa, gave this information
Concerning the classes above us in age;
"They strut 'round the campus in High Brow formation
But stop, look and listen, it's all camouflage.
Should you meet them in battle, even though it be soon,
They much will resemble a deflated balloon." [3]

Freshman Class Poem — Continued

Concerning your teachers, I speak with civility,
A likable crowd, much learned in books.
You should honor, revere them, for they have ability
Beyond what is shown by their wages or looks. (4)
Keep plodding along for an age and a day
And you Freshmen may have their looks and their pay.

A wireless! A rustle of wings, he was gone.
We shouted our thanks, as upward he flew.
This message came back: "Do your bit and go on,
Salute now the colors, be loyal and true."
Then from sleep that was troubled and dreams that were worse,
I suddenly wakened to write out this verse.

Twenty-One Salutes the Colors.

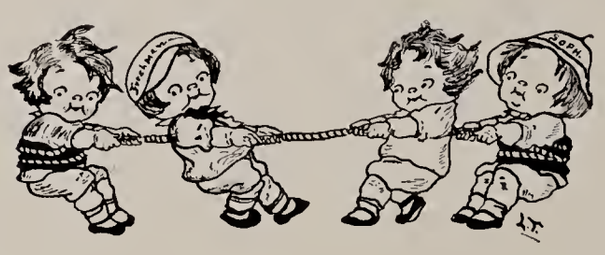
In the U. of A. colors, two are combined—
Bright Gold and True Blue, we salute with a will.
Next comes our class colors in each heart enshrined,
The green and the gold which forever will thrill,
Then next by the flag of our country we stand,
We salute with the heart as well as the hand.

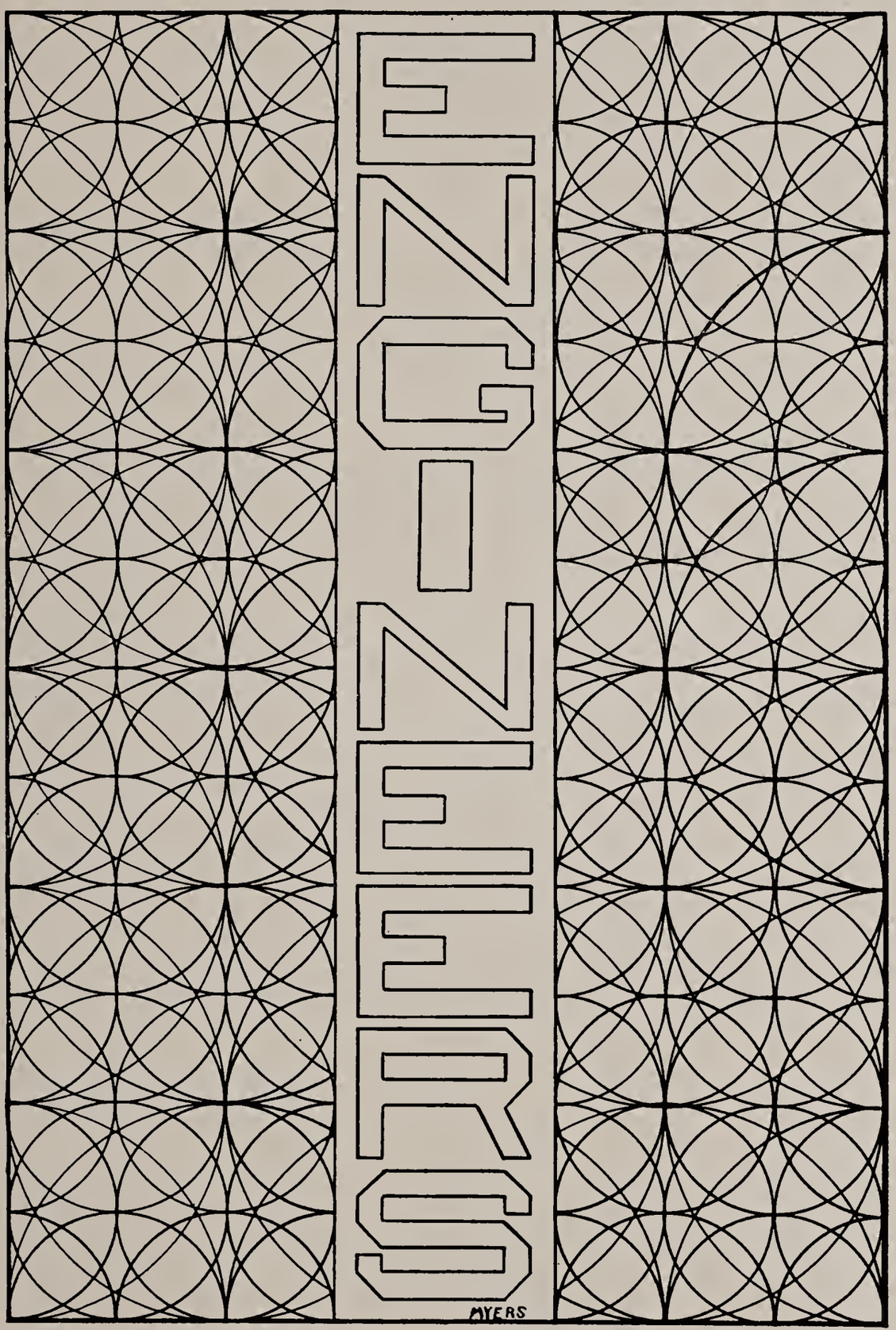
O say can you see 'mong the flags of the world
A banner to match the red, white and blue? (2)
We hail thee, Old Glory, wherever unfurled,
And forever we pledge our allegiance to you.
Whenever you call, whatever the part,
Twenty-one will be there, ready to start. (3)

(1) The page reserved for the Freshmen.
(2) Evidently the Star Spangled Banner was referred to.
(3) This prophecy was fulfilled at the Freshman-Sophomore Class Scrap.
(4) No comment is needed.

In the "Kindergarten"

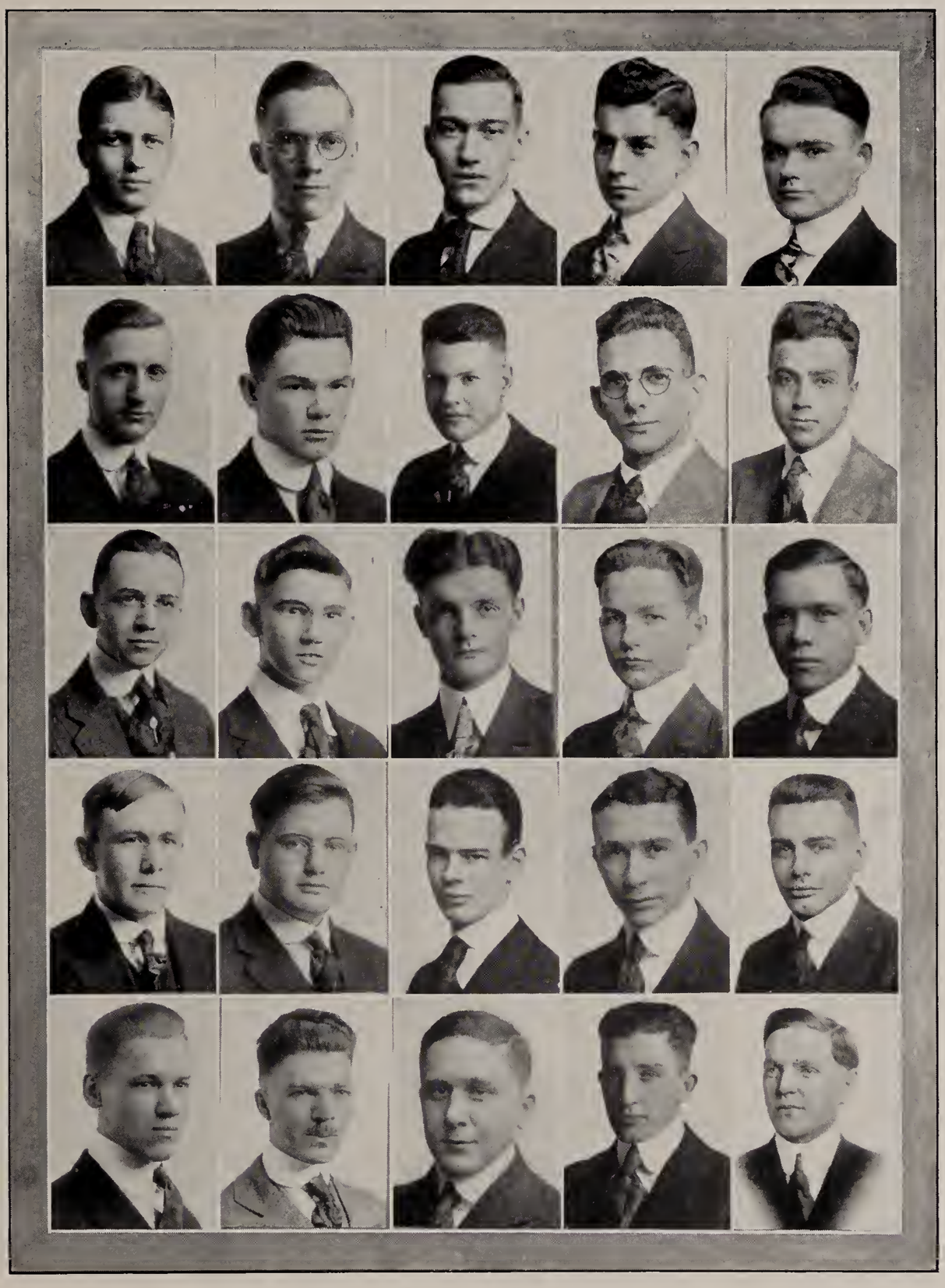
Best Soloist ..... "Eddie" Singer
Best Student ..... "Soos" Nighman
Best Athlete ..... "Eddie" Wentz
Handsomest Man ..... "Jimmy" Weeks
Best Talker ..... "Sis" Carmichael
Biggest Fusser ..... Bunnell
Sportiest Guy ..... "Chet" Christensen
Biggest Grind ..... "Bobby" Sawyer
Worst Knocker ..... Griffin
Least Religious ..... Tom Post
Most Lovable ..... Peggy Washburn
The Youthful Prodigy ..... Rodney Sutton
Best Dancer ..... Leland Waltz
Biggest Blockhead ..... "Walt" Wood
The Noisiest ..... Dorothy Horn
The Windiest ..... "Bill" Blower
Best Looking ..... Helene Looker
Biggest Case ..... Musser / Leland




ENGINEERS
MYERS

Engineers

Berrodin, Louis
Bertele, Louis
Bordner, Robert
Cady, Emerson
Carlin, J. C.
Close, Stanford
Daniel, Emmett
Deans, Alva
Dieterich, Harold
Fletcher, Robert
Gulick, Earl
Halpern, Philip
Harper, Ivan
Heminger, Harold
Hoffman, Lorin
Hungerford, C.
Kennedy, John
Kuszmaul, Corliss
Lloyd, Jonathan
Lynn, James
Miller, John
Mitchell, Ernest
O'Brien, Robert
Peterson, Amos
Pritchartt, William
Robinson, Alfred
Soderlund, Carl
Thierry, James
Thorpe, Edgar
Trescott, Boyd
Vogt, Walter
Warren, Arthur
Weeks, James
White, Daniel
Zellars, Ray



Best Student ..... Alvar Deans
Best Athlete ..... Hans Miller
Handsomest Guy ..... Punk Gulick
Best Talker ..... Jack Kennedy
Biggest Fusser ..... Jimmie Weeks
Sportiest Man ..... Alfred Robinson
Biggest Grind ..... Soderlund
Worst Knocker ..... Emerson Cady
Least Religious ..... Bob O'Brien
Most Lovable ..... Edgar Thorpe
The Youthful Prodigy ..... Hungerford
Best Dancer ..... Bob Bordner
Biggest Blockhead ..... Walter Vogt
The Noisiest ..... Boyd Trescott
The Windiest ..... Pritchartt
Best Looking ..... Louey Bertele

The Engineering School

The 1914 catalog bore the announcement that the Board of Directors had established the College of Engineering as a new unit in the Municipal University. The first class, thirty strong, entered in September of that year and soon became active in the student activities of the institution.

In 1915, the first year eligible under the Ohio Conference rules, three Engineers were awarded letters in football. Since then they have been active in all branches of Athletics and have contributed no small part to the building up of our high grade athletic teams. The following is the record of letters awarded to Engineers:

1915—Football—2
1916—Football—3; Baseball—1; Track—1
1917—Football—3; Baseball—1; Track—1

Although Engineers are not usually classed as social celebrities, yet very few social functions take place in the University without a goodly representation from our ranks. This year a course of lectures on engineering subjects is being given under the auspices of the college authorities and these have been well attended not only by students but also by Akron citizens. The Mechanical students have formed a society which will ultimately become a student branch of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers. Their meetings are well attended and the members are not only getting much that is of technical benefit but are also improving the opportunity for helpful social intercourse.

It is with pride we speak of the students who have left their studies and are now in the service of our country, for the war has played an important part in the history of the Engineering College. That we feel keenly the loss of so many cannot be denied, yet we are proud that fifteen Engineering students and two faculty members are now in government service. Most of these men are en-

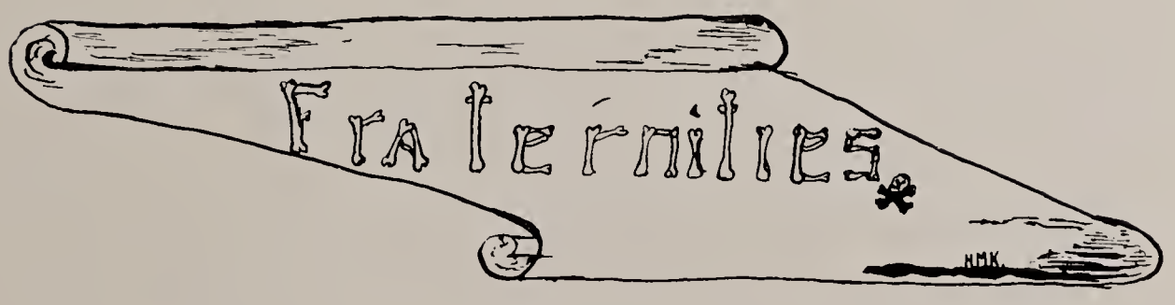
The Engineering School—Continued

listed men and we feel sure that they will do honor to themselves and to their school and country.

The courses for next year have been materially re-arranged due to the state of war existing at the present time. No subjects have been eliminated from the curriculum but the sequence has been changed. The changes have been made so that the men will be better fitted to enter the nation's service at any time they may be called.

Under the management of Dean Fred E. Ayer, the growth of the College of Engineering has been gratifying. When the Engineering College was first opened, Mechanical and Civil Engineering were the only two courses offered. The 1917 announcement presents in addition a course in Electrical Engineering, one in Business Training and one in Manufacturing Production. The personal interest taken in the students by the faculty has had the effect of making each student feel his personal responsibility and the students have supported the school nobly. The recent ruling of the Secretary of War, allowing Engineering students who rank in the upper third of their class to enlist in the Engineering Reserve and complete their courses, will lessen further decrease in the present enrollment. The new laboratory will fill a great need and the progressive spirit of the school cannot but be productive of success.

There's a bunch of fellows called engineers
Been hanging around for quite a few years,
Now, by gum, you see them; now, by gosh, you don't,
'Cause for two weeks they'll work, then for two weeks they won't.
After raking in chink at a high rate of speed,
They go to the Rathskeller for a swell feed,
Then, their money all gone, for their sweet stomach's sake,
They finish the week eating rolls, pie, and cake.


Fraternities.

Kappa Kappa Gamma

Lambda Chapter

1870
Colors—Double Blue

1877
Flower—Fleur-de-lis

ACTIVE ROLL

1918

Loretta Jones
Anna Nall

1919

Helen Hardie

1920

Vyla Hudson
Marjorie Tanner
Mildred Marshall
Ruth Magennis
Iva Frick

1921

Lillian Graves
Grace Blackburn
Helen Wright
Mildred Thomas
Kathryn Kryder
Lucy Looker
Helene Looker

PLEDGES

Marjorie Akers
Mildred Williams
Nora Wilson
Isabelle Hower

Delta Gamma

Eta Chapter

1872

Colors—Bronze, Pink, and Blue

1879

Flower—Cream Rose

ACTIVE ROLL

1918

Hazel Putt
Hazel McConnell
Dorothy Tibbitts

1919

Katherine Graham
Helen Shaffer
Olive Henegan

1920

Alta Stevenson

1921

Martha Falk
Margaret Washburn
Marcella Alexander
Louise Guth
Harriet Burt
Helene Martin
Helen Ridge

PLEDGES

Lucille Hamlin
Maxine Leland

Beatrice Bailey
Frances Palmer

Phi Mu

FOUNDED 1852

Omicron Chapter

Publication—The Aglaia

Flower—Enchantress Carnation *Colors*—Rose and White

ACTIVE ROLL

1918

MARGUERITE PLACE
LUCRETIA OLIN
MARTHA MEANS

1919

MARIE CARROLL
HELEN KEPLER
ELEANOR MARVIN
PAULINE ROWLEY
LOUISE TAYLOR
CECILIA WOLF

1920

LOIS KEPLER
HAZEL KERCH
KATHERINE GARVER

1921

HELEN GROVES
MARION BIERCE
FRANCES CARMICHAEL
AMY CUNNINGTON
RUTH NIGHMAN

PLEDGES

ALICE GALEHOUSE MIRIAM CAPRON AMY DURANT

Pi Kappa Epsilon

LONE STAR

Colors—Garnet and Emerald *Flower*—Red Carnation

FOUNDED 1882

ACTIVE ROLL

1918

FRANCIS GILLEN*
OLIVER DRIESBACH
LEROY TOMKINSON

1919

EARL BOEDICKER
EARL GULICK
JOHN KENNEDY
BRUCE BIERCE
ROBERT CHRISTY
ARTHUR HALEY
GUY HARRIS
OSCAR HUNSICKER
JOE OSBORNE

1920

BYRON BRUNER
WHITNEY BUTLER
ARTHUR KNOWLTON
WILBERT PFAHL
CLARENCE MOTZ
HAROLD WILSON

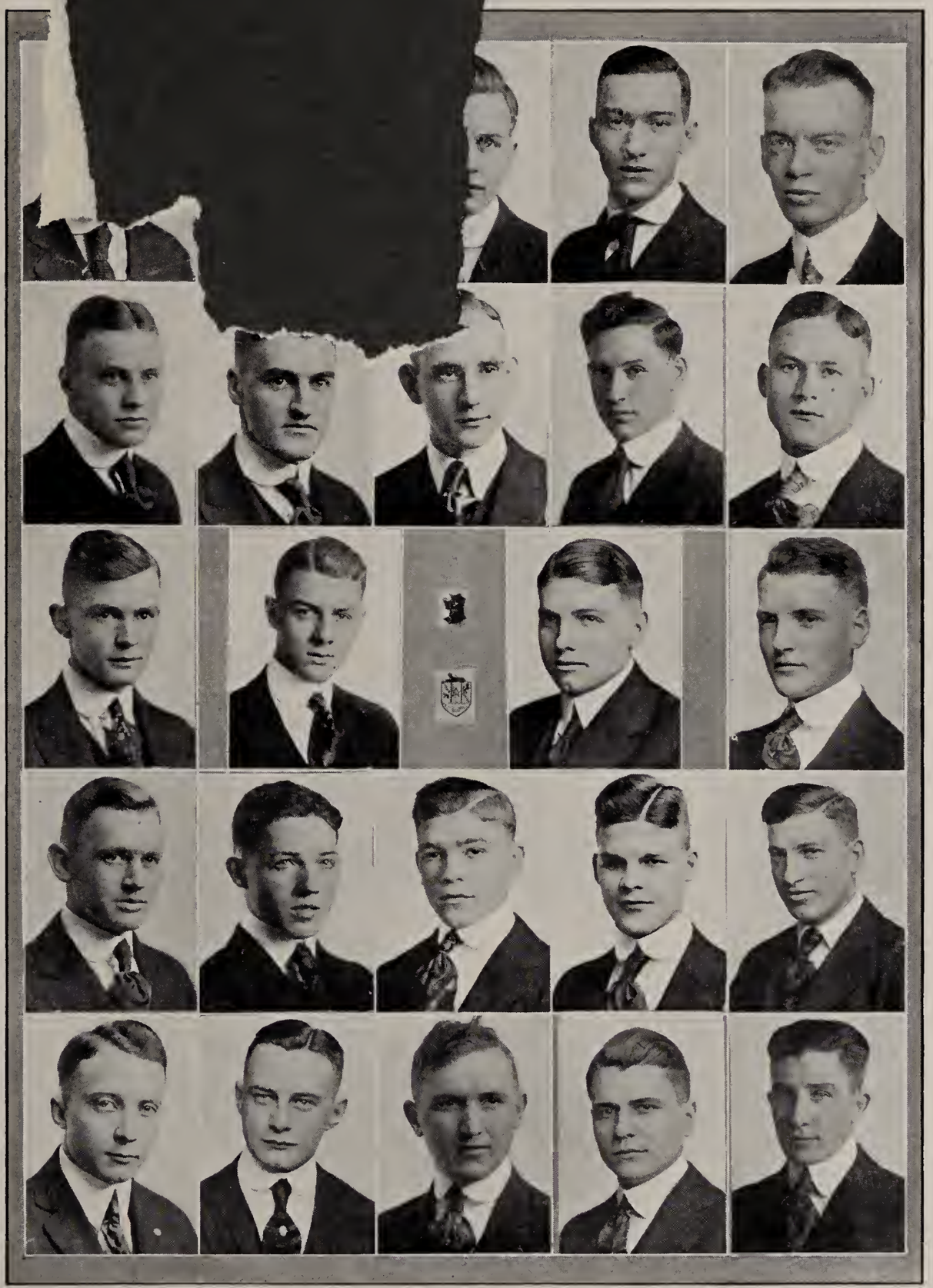
1921

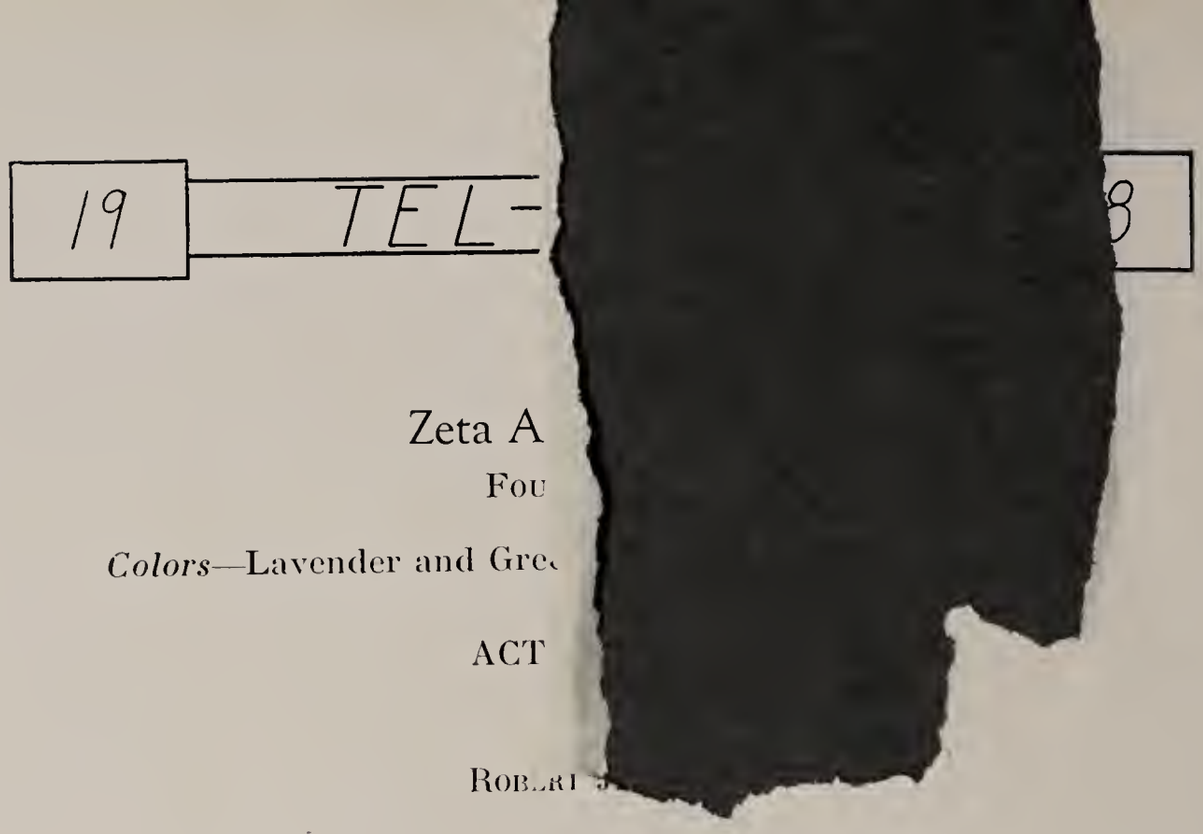
HAROLD BRUNER
WILLIAM KNOWLTON
EDGAR THORPE
JAMES WEEKS
EDWARD WENTZ
DANIEL WHITE
WALTER WOOD

PLEDGES

HOWARD HOTTENSTEIN, '19
WARNER WILLYARD, '21
THOMAS POST, '21
DAUM, C. H. S., '18
MARTIN, W. H. S., '18
STRAUB, S. H. S., '18

*Entered Service during the term.





Zeta A

Fou

Colors—Lavender and Gre

ACT

Robert

1919

Virgil E. Rogers*
Herman Werner
John Grafton
Carl Shaffer
Carl Ruttman

1920

Donald Ross
Jack Griffith
Harold Alvis*
Rufus Browning
Emerson Dunford*
Earl Waldkirck
Robert Bordner
Rolland Fox

1921

Rodney Sutton
Karl Kolbe
William Rowley
Hollie Williams*
Harold Musser

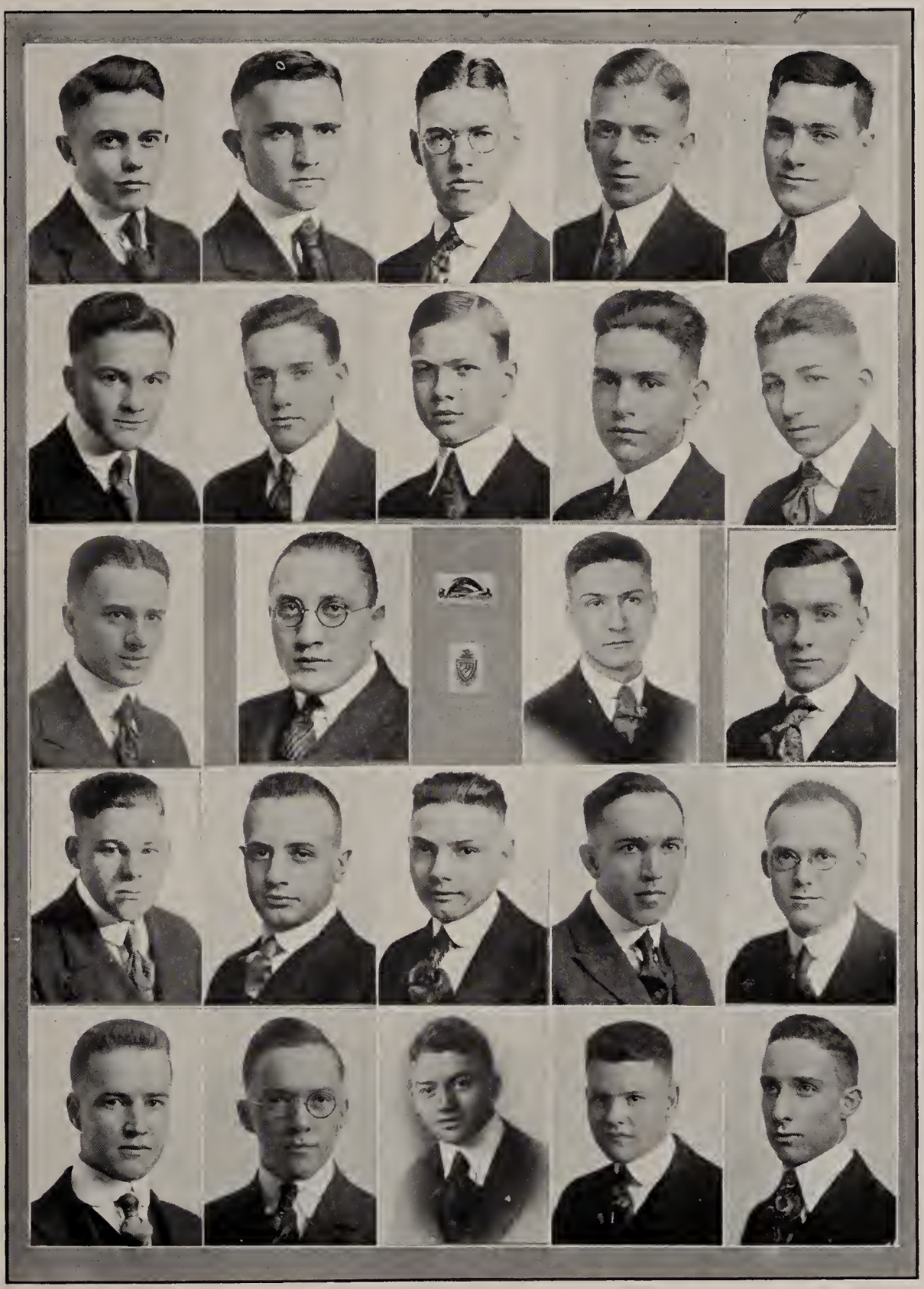
1922

Boyd Trescott

PLEDGES

Carl Jones, '19
Lynn Carney, '21
Arthur Keeney, '21
Chester Moore, '22
Walter Holmwood, '20
Roland Reed, W. H. S., '18

*Entered Service during the term.



Sigma Beta

FOUNDED 1914

Colors—Scarlet and Gray *Flower*—Dark Red Rose

ACTIVE ROLL

1918

LLOYD ELLSWORTH
LEONARD GREEN
V. DEWEY LIDYARD
MARTIN SCHMIDT
ALEXANDER TODD
BRUCE MCADOO*

1919

JOHN CABLE
EMERSON CADY
HOWARD MYERS
CHARLES WHALEN
ERNEST MITCHELL
LUCIUS CONVERSE*
FLOYD JOEL*
WARD WILGUS*

1920

BRYAN AVERY
CORLISS KUSZMAUL
CLARENCE SWIGART
WALTER VOGT
WALDO WELKER

1921

STANFORD CLOSE
WALTER STUMP
ALVA DEANS
WILLIAM BLOWER
CHESTER CHRISTENSEN
RALPH FRASE

PLEDGES

CLANDE EMMONS
HERMAN ECKERT
HAROLD FOWLER
WILLIAM TABOR
RALPH SHUTER

*Joined the U. S. Service during the term.

Phi Sigma Alpha

FOUNDED IN 1910 BY THE CLASS OF 1910

Colors—Green and Silver

Phi Sigma Alpha is an honorary fraternity, membership in which includes: First, all the members of the class of 1910; second, the members of the faculty who belong to Phi Beta Kappa or any other honorary fraternity; third, three students from each Senior Class who shall have completed three and one-half years at University of Akron, in a course leading to the degree of Bachelor of Arts or its equivalent.

These three students are to be chosen by the faculty as follows: First, the student, man or woman, having the highest grades for the three and one-half years; second, the man and woman, exclusive of the first chosen, who have the next highest grades.

From the Class of 1918 were chosen Anna Nall, Bruce McAdoo and Martha Means.

ORGANIZATIONS
XXX
XXX
MYERS

Student Council

President (Senior) ..... Robert Rowse
Secretary (Junior) ..... Louise Taylor
Senior ..... Anna Nall
Senior ..... Mabel Babcock
Senior ..... Edwin Manthey
Junior ..... Charles Whalen
Junior ..... Bruce Bierce
Sophomore ..... Katherine Garver
Sophomore ..... Clarence Swigart
Freshman ..... James Weeks

The Student Council is an organization chosen by the school for the purpose of self-government. The authority of the student body is vested in it. During the three years of its existence this Council has steadily progressed and has each year played a more important part in the control of college affairs. This year its greatest work was the guidance of the newly-adopted Honor System. From the success of its work this year we realize the great possibilities in student government for the future.

The Buchtelite Editorial Staff

Editor-in-Chief ..... V. Dewey Lidyard
Assistant Editor ..... L. E. Ellsworth
Associate Editor ..... Howard Myers
Society Editor ..... Marguerite Place
Society Editor ..... Lucretia Olin
Sport Editor ..... Whitney Butler
Military Notes ..... John Henderson
Engineering School Correspondent ..... John Kennedy
Exchange Editor ..... Bryan Avery

Business Staff

Manager ..... Joseph Osborne
Assistant Manager ..... Walter Holmwood

BUCHTELITE
STAFF

Woman's League

President ..... Marguerite Place
Vice-President ..... Helen Kepler
Secretary ..... Pauline Rowley
Treasurer ..... Loretta Jones
Senior Representative ..... Martha Means
Junior Representative ..... Helen Hardie
Sophomore Representative ..... Nina Urpman
Freshman Representative ..... Hazel Stevenson

The Woman's League is an organization to which all of the women of the college belong. Its purpose is to cultivate social intercourse among the women and to further school activities.

This year, however, the social functions were fewer than in former years because the League has had the added and more important interest of war work. The women have been engaged in Red Cross knitting and similar war-time occupations.

A vaudeville show is being planned at present, the proceeds of which will go into the fund for furnishing the club rooms.

The following social activities have marked the year a great success for The Woman's League:

Reception for new members in club rooms.
Kid Party.
Knitting Party in honor of Faculty women.
Reception for new members at mid year.
Men's Athletic Spread.

Chemistry Club

President ..... Robert Christy
Vice-President ..... Robert Rowse
Secretary ..... George Minnick
Treasurer ..... Don Ross

Prof. Simmons
Prof. Sibley
Robert Christy
Robert Rowse
Walter Purdy
Carl Gilbert
Howard Myers
Howard Hottenstein
Joe Osborne
George Minnick
John Henderson
Glenn Williams
Eugene Hass
Donald Ross
Mrs. Wyler
Hazel Stevenson
Naomi Saviers
Helen Burkett
Ralph Frase
Mac Hilton
Walter Wood
Harold Bruner
William Knowlton
Hollie Williams
Henry Berrodin
Warner Willyard
Earl Griffin
Raymond Lancaster

Barbs*

President ..... Mary Wolcott
Vice-President ..... Nina Urpman
Secretary and Treasurer ..... Edith Hollingsworth

MEMBERS

Mary Wolcott
Edith Hollingsworth
Ethel Hawk
Florence Hoover
Mabel Krubbfeldt
Ruth Calvin
Bertha Frampton
Anna Andreas
Ruth Glatther
Miriam Hassler
Wanda Moul
Naomi Saviers
Wilola Vaughan
Nina Urpman
Irma Robinson
Alleyne Weaver
Rosalind Freedlander
Genevieve Huron

* This organization was founded and so named by a group of girls in November, 1917.

Dramatic Study Club

CARITA MCEBRIGHT, *Director*

OFFICERS

President ..... MARGUERITE PLACE
Business Manager ..... MARTIN SCHMIDT
Advertising Manager ..... LLOYD ELLSWORTH
Stage Manager ..... DEWEY LIDYARD

MEMBERS

ANNA NALL
MARTHA FALK
HELEN SHAFFER
ARTHUR FREEDER
JACK GRIFFITH

19 TEL-BUCH 18

THE DRAMATIC STUDY CLUB *of*
THE MUNICIPAL UNIVERSITY

PRESENTED

Pomander Walk

ON

BUCHTEL CAMPUS

Tuesday Afternoon, June 19, 1917

At Three O'clock

PERSONS

John Sayle, 10th Baron Otford ..... Mr. Martin Schmidt
Lieut. the Hon. John Sayle, R. N. ..... Mr. V. Dewey Lidyard
Admiral Sir Peter Autrobus ..... Mr. Arthur Freeder
Jerome Brooke-Hoskyn, Esq. ..... Mr. Joseph Shea
The Rev. Jacob Sternroyd, D. D., F. S. A. ..... Mr. Wm. E. Hugi
Mr. Basil Pringle ..... Mr. Bruce McAdoo
Jim ..... Mr. Albert Fish
The Eyesore ..... Mr. Earl W. Gudikunst
The Muffin-Man ..... Mr. Carl Shaffer
Madame Lucie Lachesnais ..... Miss Marguerite Place
Mlle. Marjolaine Lachesnais ..... Miss Inez Frederick
Mrs. Pamela Poskett ..... Miss Esther Olin
Miss Ruth Pennymint ..... Miss Helen Pfahl
Miss Barbara Pennymint ..... Miss Dorothy Quinlan
The Hon. Caroline Thring ..... Miss Honora Tobin
Nanette ..... Miss Lucretia Olin

Act I. Saturday afternoon, June 1, 1805.

Act II. A week later.

Music by Chalmers' Harp Orchestra.

ON THE AFTERNOON OF

JUNE THE FIFTH, NINETEEN-HUNDRED-EIGHTEEN

The DRAMATIC STUDY CLUB

WILL PRESENT

THE WELL-KNOWN FARCE

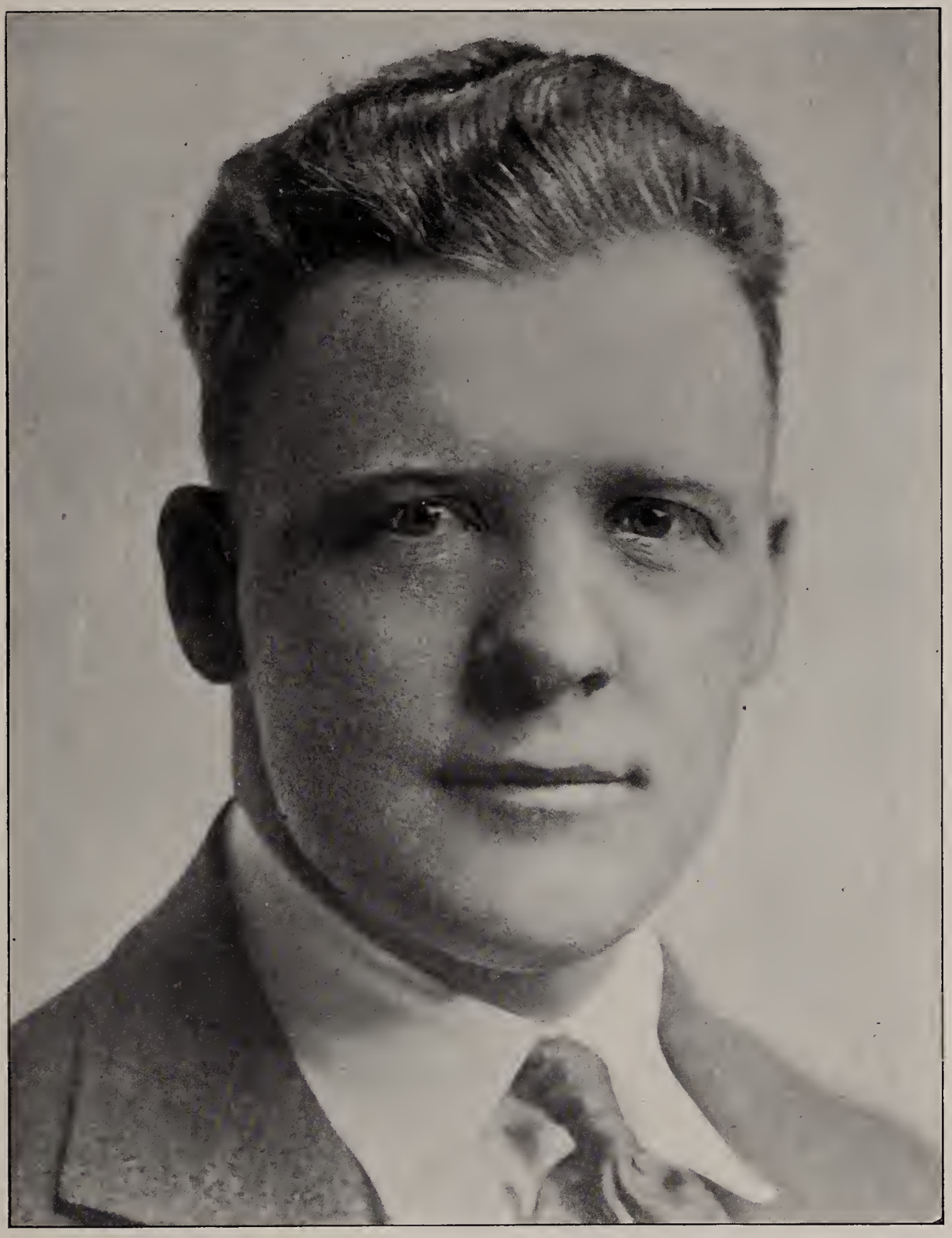
"My Lord in Livery"

By S. T. Smith

AND TWO CHARMING COMEDIETTAS

"Entr' Acte" *By Mary MacMillan*

"A Love Game" *By Walter Browne*



ATHLETICS

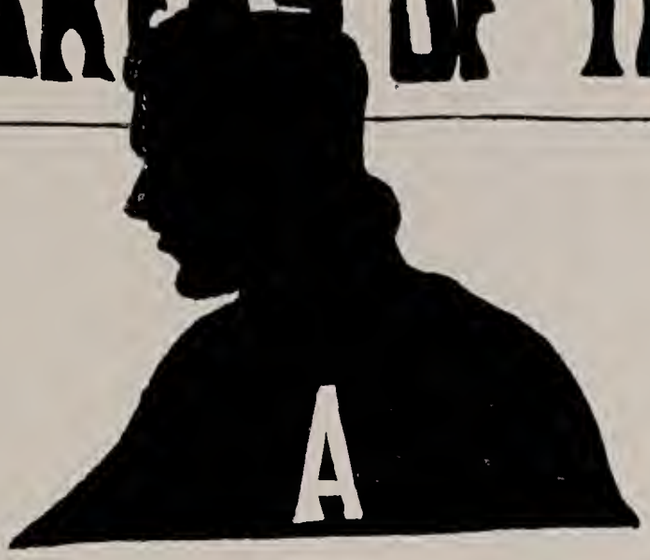
Coach Sefton

Coach Fred Sefton has finished three years as mentor of our athletics and during that time he has raised our athletic standards from a mediocre position to one that gains respect from all colleges in our state and others.

His accomplishments in three years are nothing short of marvelous. In every branch of athletics, he developed a team that came within the very shadows of the state title.

Coach Sefton won his way into the hearts of every true Buchtelite. To them he stands out as one who is ever, heart and soul, behind everything that is deserving of our institution. He is the wise counsellor of many students and holds a place deep in the hearts of all those who have had the good fortune to be under his care. In short, those who are not active in his department are depriving themselves of an opportunity that the college extends to all students. Coach is an enthusiastic booster for a Greater University, and with him at the helm, our athletics face a bright future.

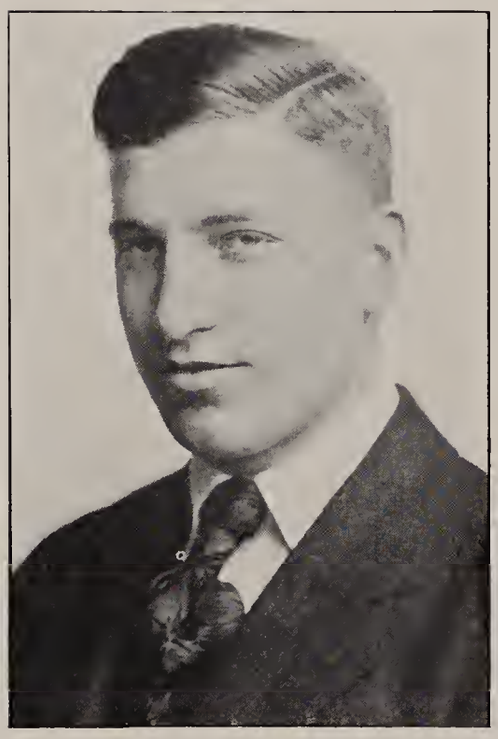
WEARERS OF THE "A"



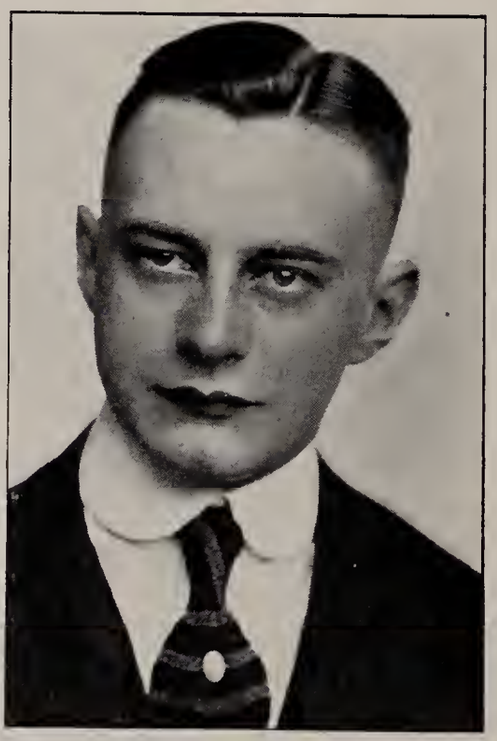
Leroy Tomkinson—Football, Basketball, Baseball
Virgil Rogers—Football, Baseball.
Arthur Haley—Football, Baseball.
Bruce Bierce—Football, Baseball.
Walter Vogt—Football.
John Miller—Football.
Harold Heminger—Football.
Wilbert Pfahl—Football.
Stanford Close—Football.
Bryan Avery—Football.
Arthur Knowlton—Football, Basketball.
Earl Boedicker—Football, Basketball, Baseball.
Waldo Welker—Football.
Lloyd Ellsworth—Football (Manager).
Charles Whalen—Basketball.
Clarence Swigart—Basketball.
Robert Rowse—Basketball, Track.
Carl Shaffer—Basketball (Manager).
Howard Myers—Track (Manager).
Marion Snyder—Baseball.
Leonard Green—Baseball.

Men's Athletic Association

Charles Whalen
President



Arthur Knowlton
Vice-President



Earl Boedicker
Secretary

FOOT

BALL

Football

The 1917 Football season will ever stand out among the greater achievements of our athletic teams. Great strides have been made over preceding years in this branch of sports. The squad that faced "Coach" for its first practice was only fair in its degree of experience. True, there were several veterans whose names gained fame through their previous performances, yet there were important positions to be filled by men who had to be molded into football material. Nevertheless, Coach Sefton whipped together a team that was hailed by all as the best in our history.

The striking feature of the season was our celebrated victory over Reserve, whom we beat by the score of 33 to 3. This was the first victory that we have had from Reserve on the gridiron. The season ended with five victories and three defeats. Only one conference game was lost.

Our success was due to the fighting spirit of our coach and his determination to win. This spirit was instilled into the men that worked under him. This resulted in a team that could not be held down.

Lloyd Ellsworth
Football Manager

Captain Roy Tomkinson

"Tommy" led the team to three most notable victories this season—Reserve, Mt. Union and Camp Sherman. Since five out of the eight games were won, the season was a success and for this too much credit cannot be given to Tomkinson, who played every minute of every game. As a quarterback, football sages placed him on the all-state team.

During his whole football career, Tommy was bubbling over with "pep," enthusiasm and ability to play the game. We are mighty sorry that he is to leave us this year.

Captain-Elect Arthur Haley

Consistent punting and open field running are the favorite stunts of our terrible halfback, "Art." He received honorable mention as halfback in the Ohio Conference.

With his fight, aggressive spirit, and knowledge of the game, Art should be a cracking good captain next fall.

Virgil Rogers

In "Judge," Akron had one of the most earnest and capable players and hardest workers on the team. He surely was there when it came to tearing holes through the line, and he also was a stonewall on the defensive. He was on the All-Ohio team as tackle. "Judge," like "Tommy," made three letters in football.

Bruce Bierce

A hard stunt was to go around "Scotty's" end. He always encouraged the team and plugged hard himself. Of Akron's numerous completed forward passes, Biercè was on the receiving end of the major share. Don't forget that he will be back again next fall.

ARTHUR KNOWLTON

As a first-year man in football, "Art" showed that the reputation he gained in high school was not a dream. He was handicapped during part of the season by injuries, but he stuck just the same. He showed at his best during the latter part of the season.

WALTER VOGT

"Hank" was one of our Engineers who played at guard for the last two years. He revels in the game and is strongest on the defensive. Next year we will see some more of his playing.

BRYAN AVERY

Sharing the pivot position with Boedicker, "Bill" was always ready to show at his best if "Bodie" was in the least "off form." This was only his first year. He was, however, very steady and, though not particularly fast, he always played his man to a standstill.

WILBERT PFAHL

"Bill" just quietly took care of his guard except when he got a little roughed up and then everybody had to watch out for our lanky Bill.

EARL BOEDICKER

Now then, if Avery was at all weakening, "Ping" could jump into the game and tear holes through the middle of the opposing lines. He has barrels of "pep" and fight.

STANFORD CLOSE

Left end was "Stan's" stamping ground. He seldom said a word, just displayed a determined little smile, gritted his teeth, and plugged. Although this was his first year in football, he was very nervy and scrappy and should be a "bear" next fall.

WALDO WELKER

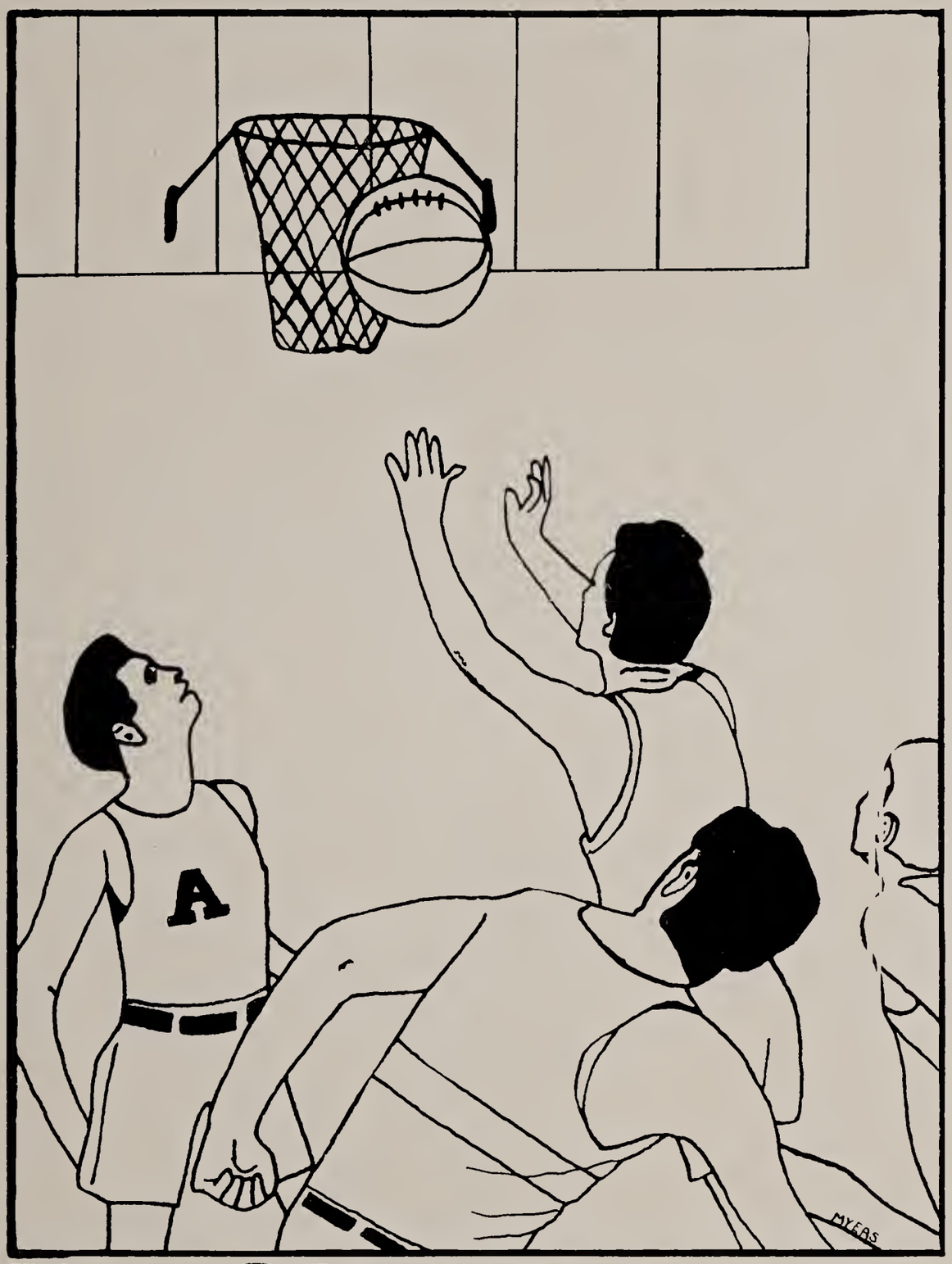
The smallest player in the Ohio conference was our halfback, known as "Watt." If there was no chance around the end, he simply forgot his size, and just "busted" right through the line. Since this was his first year, he has two more in which to carry the pig-skin for Akron U.

IN SERVICE

JOHN MILLER
ALBERT FISH

1917 Schedule and Results

Akron, 33; Muskingum, 3; September 29, at Akron
Akron, 6; Heidelberg, 34; October 6, at Akron
Akron, 33; Reserve, 0; October 13, at Akron
Akron, 6; Wooster, 7; October 20, at Akron
Akron, 20; Ohio Northern, 0; October 27, at Akron
Akron, 20; Mt. Union, 0; November 3, at Akron
Akron, 25; Camp Sherman, 7; November 17, at Akron
Akron, 0; Allegheny, 33; November 24, at Meadville



BASKETBALL

Basketball

In Basketball, we were among the best in the State. Our success in Football continued through a gratifying Basketball season. With but two veterans from last year's championship contenders, Coach Sefton developed a team that lost the State title by but one basket. The season began with a long string of victories over some of the best teams in the State. A disastrous trip was taken into Pennsylvania, resulting in three defeats—due mostly to the difference between the playing rules in the two States. The crucial game was with Case; a defeat that prevented us from finishing first in the conference race. Seven conference games won and but one lost is a record that places Akron University high among the conference teams of the State.

Carl Shaffer
Basketball Manager

Captain Charles Whalen

"Great men are born, not made!" This is the truth with "Chick." It matters not what he undertakes—he always carries it through to a glorious finish. A great deal of the credit for our most successful season is due to the one who piloted the team to victory in every game but one. We surely pray that "Chick" will be here to play for the Gold and Blue again next season.

Roy Tomkinson

"Tommy" was given first mention on the All-Ohio team for two consecutive seasons, and he is recognized as the best forward in the middle west. His fame in basketball has done much to put the University of Akron before the eyes of the Intercollegiate Athletic world. His weekly pastime was to score more points than the total score of the entire opposing team. He was the biggest individual star in the whole state. "Tommy's" name will stand out forever on the historic walls of fame of his Alma Mater.

Captain-Elect Arthur Knowlton

"Art" stepped into the game just where his brother Jack left off. He always played a scrappy and consistent game, and played it well. In nearly every case, he outplayed his opponent. "Art" has been chosen to lead the five for the coming season and, if nothing unforeseen occurs, "Art" should be the leader of a championship team in 1919.

Clarence Swigart

Swigart was hailed as a star in his high school and college freshman days and did more than to live up to that reputation during his first year on the Varsity. He made a good running mate for "Tommy" and always managed to get a few baskets himself. He has two more years to play, and should develop into one of the best forwards in the state. We can depend on Swigart to help us win next year.

Earl Boedicker

"Ping" was our able foul shooter. His average this season placed him well at the top on the list of foul shooters. In several games he failed at only one or two throws out of ten or fifteen chances. Although this was "Ping's" first season on the Varsity, he played in true veteran style. "Ping" could always be counted on to play his best. His good work helped much in the realization of a successful season.

Robert Rowse

Although a substitute on the Varsity, "Bob" was as much responsible for our victories as were his team-mates. It was "Bob" that helped us out when "Tommy" or Swigart were not in the game. His efforts will long be remembered and should serve to inspire many other Varsity men. His graduation deprives him of a position on the Varsity next year.

1917-18 Schedule and Results

Akron, 34; Alumni, 9; January 4, at Akron
Akron, 45; Hiram, 16; January 11, at Akron
Akron, 35; Wooster, 16; January 18, at Wooster
Akron, 44; Mt. Union, 17; January 25, at Akron
Akron, 48; Baldwin-Wallace, 13; February 2, at Akron
Akron, 23; Wooster, 15; February 8, at Akron
Akron, 50; Ohio Northern, 15; February 15, at Akron
Akron, 33; E. Liberty Y. M., 43; February 21, at Pittsburgh
Akron, 29; Geneva, 36; February 22, at Geneva
Akron, 34; Grove City, 32; February 23, at Grove City
Akron, 23; Case, 25; March 1, at Akron
Akron, 28; Capital City, 18; March 8, at Columbus
Akron, 18; Wittenberg, 25; March 9, at Springfield

Our All-State Players

Stellar performances in Football and Basketball earned state-wide distinction for six of our men—an increase of three over last year.

In Football, the biggest critics in the state chose "Tommy" Tomkinson and "Judge" Rogers as the best quarterback and tackle in Ohio. "Watt" Welker and Art Haley were mentioned on the mythical eleven. They were among the few that were chosen as the best halfbacks in the state.

In Basketball, "Tommy" Tomkinson and "Chick" Whalen were placed on the All-Ohio Fives. Honorable mention was given to "Ping" Boedicker.

The past season has made remarkable records for several of our athletes. We only regret that but so few can arrange to be with us for another successful year.

BASE BALL
TICKETS
M.U.A
vs

Baseball

The Baseball season of 1917 was hindered by the President's War Declaration, but victories over Case and Reserve gave it an air of success. Ohio University and Heidelberg are the other Ohio nines that were defeated. With a schedule of eight games, four were won and as many lost.

The prospects for this season were never brighter. If Uncle Sam spares our men until June, we should make things interesting in the Ohio Conference this Spring.

ERNEST MITCHELL
Baseball Manager

Captain Earl Boedicker

Baseball has been "Ping's" long suit. He was our mainstay on the Varsity for three years, both in the outfield and at bat. He played the outfield like the seasoned veteran that he was, and also earned the reputation of a heavy hitter. "Ping" was wisely chosen to lead the nine during his last season. He appeared in the Varsity baseball uniform for the last time.

Leroy Tomkinson

"Tommy" performed for three seasons on the diamond and each year showed improvement over the preceding one. He developed into a first class pitcher and third baseman. His time was divided between these two positions and he excelled in both. This season wound up "Tommy's" great athletic career at the University of Akron.

Bruce Bierce

For two years "Scotty" was our Varsity catcher and a great asset to the team. He seldom made an error and was responsible for many of our victories. He had a habit of knocking out three-baggers in the ninth inning with three on bases and a tie score. "Scotty" will be with us again in the big drive next spring.

Arthur Haley

When "Art" came up to bat, all the outfielders would invariably back up and play their positions closer to the fence. It seemed that his sole ambition was to knock the boards loose from the left field fence. He was a terror at second base; none were too hot for him to handle. If Uncle Sam doesn't call him, he will be with us for another season.

Wilbur Pfahl

"Bill" was a new man at the game this season, but Coach Sefton's able ability transformed him into a fair center-fielder. That he has learned considerable about batting was proven in every game. "Bill" looks like good material and should make an excellent outfielder in the two years that he has to play here.

Clarence Swigart

This was Swigart's first appearance on the diamond, due to the non-eligibility of Freshmen. He had a little trouble making the Varsity. He plays a steady game at shortstop and swings the bat well. Swigart promises to develop into a veteran and will be with us for two more years.

Leonard Green

Green was a member of the Varsity for three years. Catching and fielding were the positions that he excelled in. He could chase a fly ball over the entire field, and surprise the opposing team by nabbing onto it. He transformed many two-base hits into putouts. Green is another veteran whose services Akron U. will be deprived of. He graduates in June.

Waldo Welker

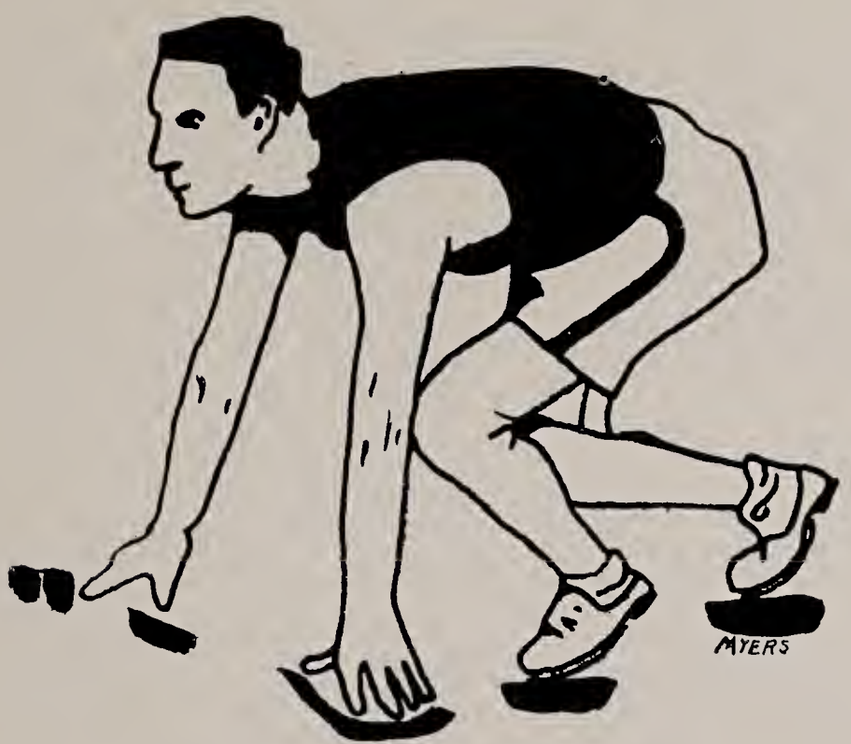
"Watt" is our diminutive third baseman. It is surprising how so small a man can hold down the third sack; yet he seldom fails to stop the hot drives and contributes to the list of putouts. This is his first season and with two more years, he should succeed in making a name for himself in the spring sport.

Marion Snyder

Snyder played first base, but was better known as our heavy hitter. Three-baggers and home-runs were his specialties. He played the game for three years, and was recognized as a player with an exceptional baseball brain. We will miss this old-timer next spring.

1917 Season's Results

Akron, 8; Ohio University, 3
Akron, 1; Marshall College, 8
Akron, 2; Ohio Northern, 5
Akron, 4; Heidelberg, 3
Akron, 0; Wooster, 9
Akron, 14; Case 2
Akron, 3; Reserve 2
Akron, 5; Wooster, 8



TRACK.

Track

Although our second year at track was not a brilliant success, the season of 1917 showed a marked improvement over the previous year. Akron entered in three meets and one Cross Country meet. The strong Goodyear team was defeated earlier in the season. Bad luck played an important part in the Mt. Union meet—Akron lost by but two points. The team did well at Berea against Baldwin-Wallace but the experienced Bereans were too much for Akron. The Cross Country meet at Oberlin was a defeat for Akron.

The outlook for this Spring is fairly good. With the good showing made by our men in the Case meet this Spring in which Akron lost in the last event, Akron should jump into track prominence.

Cross Country, 1917

Last fall a very good cross-country squad was developed. Only one meet was run. This was with Oberlin, probably the best team in the state. Akron's green men ran well against the veterans and were defeated only after a hard race by the score:

Oberlin, 17; Akron, 20

Howard Myers
Track Manager

ROBERT ROWSE

"Spike"—captain of 1918 team. Long and middle distances.

The only Akron man to win a first in last year's Mt. Union meet. Won first in both the mile and two-mile. Won first in two-mile, second in mile, and third in 440 in the Case meet. Placed fifth in mile in 1917 Big Six. Place second in Oberlin cross-country meet. "Spike" is considered one of the best distance men in the state and without a doubt will give a good account of himself at this year's Big Six meet.

ROBERT CHRISTY

"Bob"—distance.

Last year he placed second in the mile at the Mt. Union meet and sixth in the mile at the Big Six. He won first in the mile and second in the two-mile at the Case meet. He is also a cross-country man, having run two years on the cross-country team. Bob will probably be seen at the Big Six this spring.

ARTHUR KNOWLTON

"Art"—jumps, vaults, hurdles.

Art won first in the high jump and pole vault, second in the broad jump, and third in the high hurdles in the Case meet, besides running in the relay. He was high man with 15 points. Art promises to be a big point getter, and will likely be sent to the Big Six.

ARTHUR HALEY

"Art"—sprints.

He took second in the 100-yard dash and high jump, and third in the 220-yard dash at the Mt. Union meet. He placed second in the 220-yard dash and ran in the relay at the Case meet. "Art" is our best sprint man, and can always be depended on for points.

CHARLES WHALEN

"Chick"—middle distance.

This is "Chick's" first year on the track squad. By a fine finish, he won the half-mile in the Case meet, thereby winning his letter. More can be expected of him.

LEROY TOMKINSON

"Tommy"—weights.

In his first appearance in a track suit, "Tommy" threw the javelin over 155 feet, making a college record and more than likely establishing a new state record. He won his letter by his throw in the Case meet. He also will be heard from at the Big Six.

LLOYD ELLSWORTH

"Elsie"—middle distance.

This was Elsie's first year out for track. He ran a half-mile in good shape in the Case meet. He didn't place, however. He says that we should watch him in the next meet.

BRUCE BIERCE

"Scotty"—weights, sprints.

He won second in the 100-yard dash, and ran in the relay in the Case meet. In the Mt. Union meet, he tied for second in the broad jump and made third in the shot-put.

CLARENCE SWIGART

Swigart—weights, vault.

He won first in the discus throw, third in the shot put, and third in the pole vault in the Case meet, also running in the relay. Swigart is considered one of Akron's best weight men, and should give a good account of himself in future meets.

Walter Purdy

Purdy—cross-country and middle distance.

He was on the cross-country team for two years. He finished fifth in the Oberlin meet. He was handicapped by a sore foot and was unable to participate in the Case meet. We will see him in future meets.

Wilbert Pfahl

"Bill"—weights.

Won second in the shot put in the Case meet. We found that he could put the shot when we discovered him in the corner of the field tossing the shot around for the "exercise." What next, "Bill"?

Glenn Williams

Williams—hurdles.

He was originally a dash man, but discovered a talent for hurdles. Had tough luck in the Case meet by tripping on the last hurdle in the 220-hurdles, with a sure second cinched. We expect him to come to the top in coming meets.

MILITARY

Military Training

On April 10th, just four days after Woodrow Wilson signed the Declaration of War, our faculty had formulated a plan by which our institution could aid the government in its extensive preparation for a war that is to be fought until the German autocracy is entirely defeated.

The faculty made immediate arrangements for compulsory drill, to be under the supervision of Prof. Bennett. The military companies were organized the very same week and extensive training continued until the close of the semester.

The spirit of military drill was heartily accepted by the student body. All men in school reported at 3 o'clock on Monday, Wednesday and Friday to spend one hour in becoming accustomed to modern methods of warfare. The training was as thorough as conditions permitted. It dealt primarily with the more simple marching formations but progressed steadily into the real training of a soldier. Before the semester closed each man had a good knowledge that was of use to many of our students who entered into the Officers' Reserve and other branches of service.

The fall term of 1917 opened with increased enthusiasm for our military program. Great strides were made towards making the course more complete and interesting. New officers were elected, strictly on the merit system. Coach Fred Sefton was placed at the head of the battalion; it became purely a student organization. Very soon after school began, the new military uniforms arrived, which was followed immediately by an order from Major Sefton that it would be compulsory to wear the uniforms on every drill day.

Major Sefton was successful in planning an interesting program for the year. His plan arranged for two drill days per week, namely: Tuesday and Thursday, from 10:15 to 12, also a class-room recitation on Wednesday, from 2:00 to 4:00. By this method it is possible to drill on practical methods of military training as well as to dwell considerably on theoretical explanations. During the first semester a rifle range was completed. The range could be used by the students at their will. Regulation army rifles were furnished to the students. The rifle range was a popular feature of our military program.

Military training, as it is conducted at U. of A., serves to prepare its students for the responsibility that is bound to be thrust upon them. It deserves to continue and it will need all our support.

GUY L. HARRIS
Senior Commanding Captain

ROBERT J. ROWSE
Junior Commanding Captain

JOHN HENDERSON
First Lieutenant

M. U. of A. Military Company Officers

COMMISSIONED OFFICERS

Major ..... Fred Sefton
Captains ..... Senior Commanding, Guy L. Harris
Junior Commanding, Robert J. Rowse
First Lieutenant ..... John Henderson
Second Lieutenant ..... Carl Soderlund

NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS

First Sergeant ..... Robert Christy

Sergeants

Carl Ruttman
Howard Myers
William Rowley
Herman Werner
Walter Holmwood
Walter Vogt

Corporals

Donald Ross
Arthur Haley
Herman Eckert
Leslie Cooper
Dewey Lidyard
Rodney Sutton
Walter Wood
Thomas Post
William Knowlton
Robert Bordner
Walter Stump

Officers

Battalion

Early Days.

On the first hike.

Major.

March 1.

Officers.

Blow on Coach!
Marksman— eh, what?
Kits.
Guard Duty
Stack Arms
Reconnoitering
"How dry I am!"

Pineapples! Um-m!
Grub at last!
Who says feet ain't mores
Innocent ???
Some Cook!
And a Captain too!
4 bits gone
Bums
The Mess Line
After 4 miles

SOCIETY

SENIOR PROM

Senior Promenade

IN HONOR OF

THE JUNIOR CLASS

February 21, 1917, Crouse Gymnasium

PATRONS AND PATRONESSES

DR. P. R. KOLBE
MRS. P. R. KOLBE
MR. F. M. COOKE
MRS. F. M. COOKE
MR. J. P. LOOMIS
MRS. J. P. LOOMIS
MR. F. M. HARPHAM
MRS. F. M. HARPHAM
DR. A. A. KOHLER
MRS. A. A. KOHLER
MR. P. W. LITCHFIELD
MRS. P. W. LITCHFIELD
MR. J. ASA PALMER
MRS. J. ASA PALMER
MR. W. H. EAGER
MRS. W. H. EAGER
MR. C. F. BEERY
MRS. C. F. BEERY
MR. O. E. OLIN
MRS. O. E. OLIN
MR. A. I. SPANTON
MRS. A. I. SPANTON
MRS. ELIZABETH THOMPSON

RECEPTION COMMITTEE

MISS RACHAEL FLEMING
MR. RAY MERTZ
MR. J. A. PALMER
MRS. J. A. PALMER
DR. P. R. KOLBE
MRS. P. R. KOLBE
MISS FLORENCE TANNER
MR. CLYDE SWINEHART

CHAPERONES

MRS. ELIZABETH THOMPSON
MISS SARAH STIMMEL
MR. H. E. SIMMONS
MRS. H. E. SIMMONS

Junior
Hop

The Junior Hop

IN HONOR OF

THE SENIOR CLASS

June 18, 1917, Crouse Gymnasium

PATRONS AND PATRONESSES

DR. P. R. KOLBE
MRS. P. R. KOLBE
MR. F. M. COOKE
MRS. F. M. COOKE
MR. J. P. LOOMIS
MRS. J. P. LOOMIS
MR. F. M. HARPHAM
MRS. F. M. HARPHAM
DR. A. A. KOHLER
MRS. A. A. KOHLER
MR. P. W. LITCHFIELD
MRS. P. W. LITCHFIELD
MR. J. ASA PALMER
MRS. J. ASA PALMER
MR. W. H. EAGER
MRS. W. H. EAGER
MR. C. F. BEERY
MRS. C. F. BEERY
MR. O. E. OLIN
MRS. O. E. OLIN
MR. A. I. SPANTON
MRS. A. I. SPANTON
MRS. ELIZABETH THOMPSON

RECEPTION COMMITTEE

MISS HAZEL MCCONNELL
MR. CLYDE SWINEHART
MR. F. M. COOKE
MRS. F. M. COOKE
DR. P. R. KOLBE
MRS. P. R. KOLBE
MISS RACHAEL FLEMING
MR. RAY MERTZ

CHAPERONES

MRS. ELIZABETH THOMPSON
MISS M. A. RINES
MR. G. E. BENNETT
MRS. G. E. BENNETT

The Informals

The informal dances of our college year 1917-18 were a great success. Smith's Orchestra furnished the music for the series. These dances were chaperoned by the various members of the Faculty. Many alumni, former, and prospective students attended.

The informals furnish a chance for the entire student body to assemble together and enjoy themselves and at the same time to encourage loyalty and love for our Alma Mater.

The Dance Committee of this year wish to extend through the pages of the Tel-Buch their sincere thanks for the support of the student body at these affairs.

The Informals—

October 19

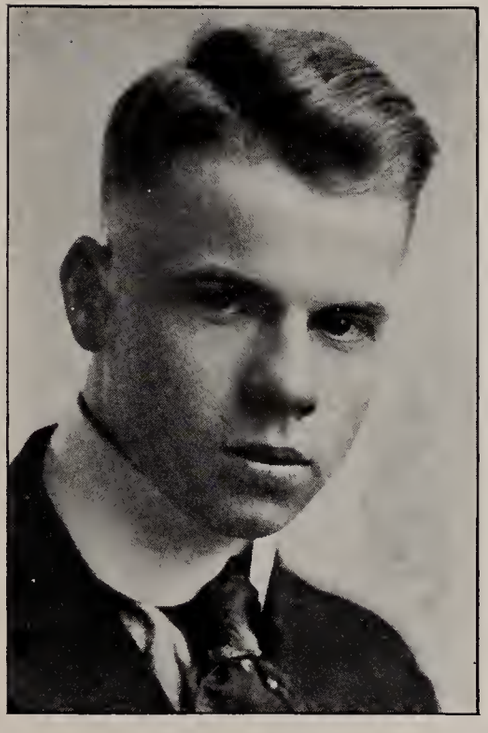
February 1

April 19

May 24

Informal Dance Committee

Carl Shaffer
Senior Representative



Howard Myers
Junior Representative

Jack Griffith
Sophomore Representative

Tree Day

The Class of 1919 directed the annual celebration of Tree Day on May 25, 1917. The cold weather caused great disappointment, for it necessitated the holding of the exercises in Crouse gym. The first part of the program was the May Queen Processional which marched over from Curtis Cottage. The Sophomore girls, dressed in old-fashioned gowns of rainbow hue and swinging shepherdess hats, filled with spring flowers, came first. Betsy Ross and George Washington, attended by his aide, followed. Then, in turn, came the little crown bearer, the crowner, and the maids of honor. Last came the Queen of the May.

After the Queen had been seated on her throne and her court had grouped themselves around her, the student body sang college songs. Then, before the audience, each class presented a stunt. The Juniors gave a play from the Civil War Period; the Sophomores, a schoolroom scene from the Revolutionary Period; the Freshmen, a motion picture drama from the Colonial Period; and the Seniors, a tableau from the Spanish-American Period.

The Queen and her court then withdrew to the campus where they witnessed the burial of the 1916 Tel-Buch at the Senior Tree, by the Class of 1917.

The Tree Day Banquet that evening was a big success. Speeches were given by members of all classes and by the Faculty representative.

PROCESSIONAL

May Queen	RUTH WORTMAN
Crowner	RACHAEL FLEMING
Maids of Honor	ETHEL SURBEY
	LOUISE TAYLOR
Betsy Ross	CECILIA WOLF
George Washington	CHARLES WHALEN
Aide to George Washington	HAROLD HOLLOWAY

SPEECHES

Tulip Tree at Annapolis	ELLIOT GEISINGER, '17
Treaty Elm	AUBREY DAVIS, '20
Charter Oak	PROF. ROBINSON
Liberty Elm	CLARENCE MOTZ, '19
Washington Elm	BRUCE MCADOO, '18

Tree Day
-1917-

Founder's Day

Founder's Day, January 18, was commemorated by a special chapel program. Prof. Egbert gave an interesting talk, in which he told of his personal acquaintance with John R. Buchtel, the founder of Old Buchtel. Mrs. S. C. Cole ('73), the oldest living Buchtel graduate, gave reminiscences of her college days. She read many interesting anecdotes from her "Old Buchtel Scrapbook," and recalled the old rules and regulations. Prof. George A. Peckham of Hiram College, who graduated from Buchtel in the '75 class, in his interesting speech paid many tributes to the Founder of our Alma Mater.

In the evening, the Faculty entertained the student body with a most unique and appropriate party and with dancing.

Other Affairs

October	2, 1917—Mrs. Thompson's tea in honor of Freshman girls.
November	8, 1917—Phi Mu dinner at Burns' Club.
November	28, 1917—Senior Party in Crouse Gym.
December	1, 1917—Delta Gamma dinner at Burns' Club.
December	5, 1917—Sigma Beta Winter Picnic at Burns' Club.
December	7, 1917—Lone Star dinner dance at Portage Country Club.
December	14, 1917—Junior Party in Crouse Gym.
February	19, 1918—Z A E Informal dance at Portage Country Club.
March	15. 1918—Woman's League Athletic Spread in Library.
April	9, 1918—Sigma Beta Informal dance at Portage Country Club.
April	17, 1918—Lone Star stag banquet at Stow Tavern.
April	26, 1918—Phi Mu informal dance at Marvin Parish House.
May	3, 1918—Freshman Party in honor of the Junior Class in Crouse Gym.
May	29, 1918—Tree Day Banquet.

Commencement Program, 1917

PRE-COMMENCEMENT EVENTS

Phi Sigma Alpha Honor Society Meeting and Dinner.....Friday, June 15
Portage Hotel.

Baseball Game—Muskingum vs. Akron .....Saturday, June 16
Buchtel Field.

Men's Alumni Club Dinner and Smoker .....Saturday, June 16
Firestone Club.

EVENTS OF COMMENCEMENT WEEK

Baccalaureate Services .....Sunday, June 17
Sermon by Rev. L. N. D. Wells.
Crouse Gymnasium.

Senior Class Day Exercises .....Monday, June 18
Crouse Gymnasium.

Junior Hop .....Monday, June 18
Crouse Gymnasium.

Alumni Business Meeting Luncheon .....Tuesday, June 19
Portage Hotel.

Campus Play—"Pomander Walk" .....Tuesday, June 19
College Campus.

President's Reception .....Tuesday, June 19
President's Home.

Academic Procession .....Wednesday, June 20
College Campus.

Commencement Exercises .....Wednesday, June 20
Address by Dr. Washington Gladden.
Crouse Gymnasium.

Campus Luncheon and Class Reunion .....Wednesday, June 20
College Campus.

Baseball Game—Varsity vs. Alumni .....Wednesday, June 20
Buchtel Field.

Alumni Banquet .....Wednesday, June 20
Speakers: Former Senator Charles Dick.
Dr. C. E. Manchester of Canton.
City Club.

LITERARY

The Message of the Eye

Monday Morning:

Harrison Davies and Helen Schuyler ought to be friends —yes, they ought to be more. Ever since I have known Helen I have said so. When presented to her at Hartley's two years ago, and I looked into her eyes, they spoke to me at once of my old Princeton chum; and I seemed to read in their brown depths a message that she was reserved for him. At first I was sure that I had seen her somewhere, some time; but where? And when? And then I knew that my acquaintance with her came only with the message from the eyes—and that message was of him, my beloved Mephisto.

We always called him that at Princeton; and I know not why. He was handsome, as handsome as ever devil dared be. But he was good —through and through. To be sure, he would drink with the rest of us, could sing as good a song as any in the Frat, and tell as good a story. But with it all he was good. In his presence no one spoke ill of a woman. And he was as well versed in Biblical History as in the careers of the many stage celebrities. I believe he acquired his title because he was such a happy combination of good and evil.

And, say. He had the devil's own temper, too. We never knew it until the arrival of the two letters and the telegram. He had read one of the letters, put in his long distance call, and was reading the second letter. Both had come by special messenger while three of us were in his room helping to vanquish the box of good things sent by his folks in honor of his birthday. My, I can taste that almond cake right now, and the raspberry jam. Gee.

As he read the first letter, he grew white, and then whiter; and we were getting very much embarrassed when he quietly stepped to the telephone and put in his call for Mrs. Maxon or Mr. George Davies at Moulton. He seemed to have forgotten us as he returned to his seat and opened the second letter. Then the bell rang and he had gotten his connection—apparently with his elder sister, Mrs. Maxon. As he talked he became excited, and his complexion changed quickly from white to purple. Then the messenger boy arrived, and I put the telegram into Mephisto's hand. He opened and read it while keeping up the phone conversation. And then the cyclone.

Well, when we finally saw him leave the house in a mad drive to catch a train, the phone was a wreck on the wall, the furniture mostly

The Message of the Eye — Continued

overturned, and the clothes from his wardrobe and dresser were everywhere except where they belonged. I believe he really had taken a pair of socks, a green necktie and a dress shirt in the suit case he carried along.

Three days later he returned—the same sane and well-poised individual we had always known; and for awhile I thought his departure a welsh rarebit product in my brain; but when I chanced to ask what had become of the portrait which had always stood on his mantel, his favorite sister Nell, for an instant he was white, then again that apoplectic purple; and he told me Nell was dead and buried. But there was something about that which I never did get straight on. His tones spoke not of the dead, and her name was never mentioned again. Now, I have always wondered what was the secret of Nell Davies.

I lost sight of Mephisto after leaving college, until he came out west a couple of months ago to make his home. When he came into my office that day, just one look at him and his eyes said "Helen Schuyler." And he says he doesn't know her at all; but now he wants to meet her, for I have talked of her so much. And I am glad to know Mephisto is still a bachelor, for I want to present him to his Soul's Mate. True, she is twice a widow. They say she eloped with her first husband; I don't know what his name was. He could not have been in her class, though, for she soon left him; and then, when he died in Colorado, she married old Wesley Schuyler, who died three months later and left her with that magnificent mansion on the Avenue, a few million in good securities, and that decrepit old sister of his. Helen is devoted in her attentions to the poor old woman.

Of course, I am in love with Helen; but I cannot make love to her when I know she is made for my Mephisto. And tonight I am going to present him at her own home.

Tuesday Morning:

I certainly have earned my college title of Blundering Idiot.

Mephisto and I were shown into the cozy little red room, and when the curtains parted and I greeted Helen she was a vision of beauty; and I turned with pride to "present my dear friend Mr. Harrison Davies"—

The Message of the Eye — Continued

but the cyclone had arrived again. And this time it was coming from both sides of me.

Well, when the clouds had vanished—that is to say, when Mephisto had taken his departure, and Helen had become comparatively calm, I gathered that she was originally Nell Davies (a photo on her brother's mantel); that for several years she had known nothing of her family nor of Moulton society; and her family probably did not know of her marriage to old Schuyler and her advent into Chicago society. To be sure, I had no business to butt in and take Mephisto to her home, and he will never speak again to his old college chum; but I do think he ought to be thankful to me for arranging for them to meet thus privately, for in the course of society events they would certainly have been up against an unexpected introduction in public, which would surely have been embarrassing. But he will never allow me any credit for that, nor believe that I was uninformed of their relationship. But there will be some consolation in looking into the eyes of his twin sister, for, next month, after a preliminary visit to the little church around the corner, I am to take up my residence in the mansion on the Avenue. And I am perfectly willing to be labelled "No. 3."

A Nos Camarades Qui Sont Soldats

Pendant que nous restons au collège, alternativement enflammés de patriotisme enthousiaste et succombant à l'apathie, plus de trente de nos camarades sont allés à la guerre. Pendant que nous étudions la rhétorique de première année, la biologie et de telles choses, ils partent pour aider les États Unis. Quelques-uns sont déjà en France.

Notre université ne peut pas être trop fière d'avoir ses représentants dans la grande armée qui combat pour les grands principes. C'est un siècle merveilleux dans lequel nous vivons et nos coeurs sont avec ceux qui sont allés renoncer leurs vies, s'il le faut, afin que nous demeurions en sûreté.

Voici nos meilleurs souhaits de bonne chance, amis, et nos prières pour un retour prompt et heureux!

A Poem on the War

War has come to us
From across the ocean blue,
To make the best of it, we must
Stand by our country true.

We all know the reason why
Our boys are willing to do or die;
That unenlightened autocracy
May not make its way across the sea.

Each home is affected more or less,
As we make our stand in this mighty test;
But the ones who are fighting for you and me
Will make the world safe for Democracy.

The sorrows and troubles left for us to bear
Are nothing compared to the hardships over there
For those who are fighting with all their might
And facing Hell both day and night.

So let's not forget our land,
And, when duty calls, obey
Just lend a helping hand
To the dear old U. S. A.

Anglo-Saxon Blood

"Well, if it isn't Ralph Chester! What on earth brings you to Ottawa at this season?"

"Good morning, Prentiss. My wife wanted to do some shopping for the fall, and so we came up to the Capital. She is making the round of the stores now, and I am amusing myself until luncheon time."

Ralph Chester was colonel of the Fifth Canadian Rifles, a territorial regiment stationed at Sault St. Marie, and his friend, David Prentiss. was secretary to the Canadian Minister of War. The two men had just met in front of the Government House at Ottawa, the Canadian capital. In spite of the fact that it was midsummer, the first day of August, 1914, to be exact, there was an unusual bustle in the streets, and knots of people stood on every corner, talking excitedly.

The two friends strolled over to the Army and Navy Club on High Street, and seated themselves in comfortable arm-chairs on the veranda.

"Tell me, David," began Col. Chester, "just what you think of the European situation. The 'Soo' is a poor place for reliable news."

"Ah," gravely responded the other, "the situation grows more serious every day. The Russian mobilization, and the French decision to stand by Russia gave a new turn to the matter, and day before yesterday came Germany's ultimatum to Russia and France, demanding that the troops mobilized be disbanded within forty-eight hours. It is indeed a crisis."

"Do you think that England will enter the struggle, if there is one?"

"I scarcely think so, although popular opinion in the mother country is undoubtedly against Germany. We British, like a great many other peoples, do not take kindly to Prussian arrogance and military spirit. However, it would be foolish for us to go to war unless absolutely forced into it, for there are only about half a million troops in the entire Empire, and of these, scarce two hundred thousand could be spared for continental duty. We could do nothing with such a handful against Germany's disciplined millions. Of course, the unexpected may happen, but I sincerely hope that we will not go to war in such a state of unpreparedness."

"Mr. Prentiss is wanted on the telephone," announced an orderly.

The secretary excused himself, and left Chester gazing tranquilly out across the city. It was good that the Empire was not to be plunged into war. Life was sweet to him, and he realized that war would mean

Anglo-Saxon Blood—Continued

the breaking of home ties until hostilities were over and, perhaps, forever. He was in a splendid position for a young man of thirty-three. He was manager of the Ontario Paper Company, the largest corporation in Canada, colonel of the Fifth Rifles, and the Conservative nominee for Parliament from his district. He had married Kate Nichols, one of the most charming women in Ontario, two years ago, and had an infant son, Ralph, Jr., who was the pride and tyrant of the household. Truly, life had much in store for him.

His meditations were interrupted by the re-appearance of David Prentiss, who almost staggered out onto the porch, and sank into a chair alongside of Chester. He was very pale, and in a hoarse whisper, he burst out:

"My God, Ralph, it's awful! Germany has declared war on Russia and France, and has violated Belgium's neutrality to strike at France. We have declared war on Germany to uphold the Treaty of 1816! I must go to the Government House at once."

Chester was dazed. War had come like a bolt out of the clear sky, and his rosy dreams for the future would suffer, and perhaps fade forever. As if in a trance, he rose and hurried with his friend toward the Government House. The streets were filled with people, all hastening in the same direction. Everyone was talking excitedly, gesticulating. Rumors of all sort were rife, but very few knew that the shadow of the impending war had fallen upon Canada. The square before the Government House was packed, everyone was asking questions, and a confused buzz of conversation filled the square.

Suddenly the tall, majestic figure of the Canadian Premier was observed on a balcony of Government House. All attention was immediately focused on him. He raised his hand and the crowd became silent.

"My fellow-countrymen," he began, "it is my duty to inform you that His Majesty's Government has declared that a state of war exists between England and Germany. Germany has violated the neutrality of Belgium in her eagerness to strike at France. Germany was a signatory to the Convention of 1816, which guaranteed the integrity and neutrality of Belgium. The German Chancellor has referred to the treaty as a mere 'scrap of paper,' and England has gone to war to uphold her sacred honor as a nation, to fight for a civilization which respects a promise. I call upon every citizen in the Dominion in the name of His Imperial Majesty, King George V., to do all in his power to further the success of our arms, and I feel sure that I can promise the mother country that not a single Canadian will be found wanting."

Anglo-Saxon Blood—Continued

At first a murmur of surprise, of incredulity had come from the crowd, but as the Premier had continued, the crowd had become more and more excited, and when the Premier retired from the balcony, a tremendous and deafening outburst of applause evidenced the fact that those who had heard him would not be found wanting. Pandemonium broke loose, and a veritable babel of hoarse shouts arose. Not a word could be distinguished. It was a hoarse roar of anger, of racial hatred, inarticulate, but expressing more than words. The buildings of the square vibrated in resonance with the mighty volume of sound. A man somewhere in the dense mass of humanity began to sing "Rule Britannia!" Those near him took up the refrain, but it could scarcely be distinguished in that maelstrom of sound. Voice after voice joined in, louder and louder swelled the music, until it drowned out all other sounds, until from the throats of the assembled thousands, singing as they had never sung before, the great battle-hymn of the Empire soared up to the God of Battles.

Chester said goodbye to Prentiss, and hastened to the hotel to meet his wife. She had already heard the news, and threw herself sobbingly into his arms. He had scarcely had time to say a few consoling words before there was a knock at the door of the room. He opened the door, and an orderly in uniform handed him an envelope. Mechanically he opened it and read the enclosed note.

Government House,
August 1, 1914.

Col. Ralph Chester,
Commanding Fifth Canadian Rifles.

You are hereby directed to return at once to Sault St. Marie, and supervise the preparation of your regiment for immediate service in Europe. Your regiment will entrain for the front on August 5th, at three o'clock, P. M.

Your hon. ob'nt servant,
Gen. H. T. Purcell,
Commander-in-Chief of the forces
of the Dominion of Canada.

So soon! He had hoped for a month, at least, before being ordered to the front. Nevertheless, orders were orders. He turned to the waiting orderly and said:

"Tell Gen. Purcell that I am leaving at once."

The orderly left. Chester and his wife hurriedly packed their traveling-cases and hastened to the station. The next day they arrived at the "Soo," and the colonel began at once to oversee the equipping of his men. His duties left him no time to think of his own troubles, and it was not until the night of the fourth that he had an evening to spend with his family.

Anglo-Saxon Blood—Continued

His wife had put Ralph, Jr., to bed, and then she and her husband walked out along the banks of the St. Mary's River. They stopped beside the rapids. It was a beautiful night, full of the mystery of the north. A breeze brought to them the odor of pines, and the sound of the swirling water. The moonlight glistened on the rapids, making of them cauldrons of molten silver. Silently they stood overlooking the scene, watching the moonlight on the water, and the tumbling of the logs which the river bore along to the paper-mill to be ground to pulp.

"We are just like those logs," burst out Chester, bitterly. "We are carried along, willy-nilly, on the river of fate, without ever a chance to help ourselves, carried down to the mills that grind us down just as those logs will be ground!"

"But, dearest," responded his wife, "the logs become paper for the presses of the world, enlightening it and benefiting mankind. Perhaps the mills that grind us down will help us to serve the race, too." He silently nodded assent, and they slowly retraced their steps to the house.

The next afternoon; the Fifth Rifles were drawn up on the square before the railway station. An anxious, tearful crowd surrounded them. Col. Chester left his position to say a last farewell to his wife and child. His face was white and drawn, and intense suffering was depicted on it. Physical pain would not have wrung a sound from him, but the terrible mental anguish of leaving the ones he loved had almost broken him. Tenderly he drew his wife and child to him, and at the pitiful sight, even the hardened soldiers of the Fifth turned away, and wiped their eyes suspiciously on their coat sleeves. Slowly the Colonel's arms dropped to his sides. A change came over him. He straightened up, a new light shining in his eyes. He was transformed, changed in a moment from a broken man to a veritable Apollo in khaki. He turned and strode to the head of his men, his eyes flashing fire like those of an avenging angel. The spirit of the commander permeated the men, and, with the stubborn determination and tenacity of the Anglo-Saxon written in every line of their faces, the troops marched on to the waiting trains.

* * * * *

Two months had passed. The Fifth Rifles had made an uneventful trip to Halifax, from which port they had sailed to England. After a month of drill on Salisbury Plains, they had been transported to the

Anglo-Saxon Blood—Continued

Continent, and now, on the tenth of October, they had just occupied a position on the banks of the Yser. The men squatted in the trenches and gazed across the marshy wastes toward the distant German lines. At last they were face to face with the invaders, and they burned for the attack. In their march through Belgium, they had seen things that had frozen their blood with horror, ample evidence of the handiwork of the modern Huns. They had seen despoiled villages, violated sanctuaries, ruined cathedrals, the mutilated bodies of women and children. They had helped to bury the victims of the wholesale vengeance of the Germans, they had heard the cries of orphaned children, the wails of outraged women, the stories of cruelty, torture, pillage, and rapine from the lips of the dying, and now they were face to face with the power of this twentieth-century "scourge of God!"

The Fifth occupied the position which the Germans had been trying to seize in their dash for Calais. The Teutons had almost wiped out the Black Watch, which had first held the line, and now it was the duty of the Fifth to hold back the German hordes. The night of the eleventh, a message came from headquarters to Col. Chester. It stated that a serious German offensive was developing against the position held by the Fifth, and it called upon that regiment to hold the line at all costs until relief arrived.

The night was a wild one. A high wind was blowing, and ragged masses of clouds flew across the sky. At intervals, a cold, drizzling rain fell, and an occasional flash of lightning gave a view of the desolated country.

Chester could not sleep. He mounted the ramparts and gazed toward the German position. Tomorrow would come the attack and the line must be held. A fragment of one of Julia Ward Howe's poems kept running through his mind:

> Ye Sibyl Arts, in one stern knot, be all your offices combined,
> Stand close, while Courage draws the lot, the destiny of
> Human Kind;
> And if that destiny should fail, the sun would darken in the sky,
> The eternal bloom of Nature pale, and God, and Truth, and
> Freedom die.

A dash of rain drove him to shelter, and, after a time, he fell asleep.

The dawn was cold and gray, and with the first light came a weird whistling sound. A loud report came from a hundred feet in front of the trenches, and a little puff of smoke arose.

"Shrapnel," noted the colonel, mechanically. "Too low." The next

Anglo-Saxon Blood—Continued

shot was better placed. A crash came from overhead, and a little knot of men fell apart, a mass of raw, quivering flesh, awful in its shapelessness. The men sought cover, and none too soon, for the next moment a terrific salvo of fire broke out. Shrapnel burst all about them. There was a continual noise of shrieking shells, of droning bullets. Man after man crumpled down into a little heap. For two solid hours the rain of shrapnel continued. At last the fire ceased. Evidently the Germans were through preparing. Suddenly, at a distance of fifty yards, the gray-clad figures of the German infantry were seen.

"Hold your fire for a hundred feet," the colonel sent out as orders to the Fifth. A dozen machine guns opened on the Germans. The deadly Maxims played with hellish effect on the massed formations. The crash of the heavy Martini rifles of the Fifth rang out. The front of the German column melted away, but fresh troops dashed forward, and the gray stream seemed to flow on unchecked. The Fifth pumped their magazines like mad, the machine guns played a never-ending tattoo, and yet, on, on, came the gray line. One by one, the Fifth's machine guns became heated and ceased firing, and, taking advantage of this, the Germans dashed into the trenches. With a terrible yell, the Fifth met them with the bayonet. Their long arms working with lightning-like rapidity, the men of the Fifth held the line. The bayonets rose and fell, and, inch by inch, the Canadians drove back their attackers. At last the Germans broke and fled. The ground in front of the trenches was carpeted with their bodies, and the soil underneath was a reddish-gray ooze of bloody earth. Suddenly the hail of shrapnel broke out again, and for three more hours the Fifth suffered. Then came another attack, another repulse, another period of shelling, in regular rotation, all morning, all afternoon, through the night. The morning of the 13th found the Fifth still holding the line, but with only fifteen hundred men instead of thirty-two hundred. The Germans hurled forward fresh troops constantly, but the Fifth, gaunt, worn, eyes blood-shot from want of sleep, arms weary from wielding the bayonet, still held on. Another day, another night passed. The Fifth, or rather a pitiful remnant of it, still held the lines. The German trenches had been pushed closer and closer, and it was only a question of hours. Col. Chester had been struck in the side with a fragment of shell, but he had had it roughly bandaged and kept on fighting. At last the dawn of the fourteenth came, and with it came the first ray of hope for the weary Canadians. During a momentary lull in the firing, a loud, whirring noise became

Anglo-Saxon Blood—Continued

audible, and, glancing up from their shell-torn shelter, the troops saw several airplanes swooping from their rear toward the German trenches. On they came, the scout planes flying rather low, while the fleet battle planes swooped and whirled far above to keep off hostile aircraft. A scout plane passed over them at such a low altitude that they could plainly see the aviator as he waved his hand to them, and the observer as he bent over his maps.

Then came another wave of Germans and the airmen were forgotten while the little band of Canadians prepared to sell their lives as dearly as possible. Remembering what they had seen and heard in Belgium, the word passed up and down the line, "die fighting. It's better than torture and starvation in a Boche prison." Then the airplanes held the attention again. Several of them swooped down on the advancing German columns, and raked them with machine-gun fire. The Boches faltered a moment, the planes turned and swooped again, and this time a series of terrific explosions told the Canadians that bombs were being dropped. With a cheer, they poured a withering fire into the shattered columns, and the Germans broke and fled. As they ran, a sharp artillery fire opened up from behind the Canadian position, and the shrapnel broke continuously over the retreating Germans. Then the big allied guns joined in the bombardment, and a great curtain of fire shielded the Canadians until nightfall, when the relieving troops came up to the Fifth's position. It was a shambles. The ground was slippery with blood, the moans of the wounded and dying filled the air, and the taint of decaying flesh was unbearable. The officers of the relieving troops entered the trenches.

"Mon Dieu," exclaimed a French officer, "but these English are Spartans. They have held back fifty thousand men for two whole days."

"Who is in command here?" the commanding officer of the English asked of the survivors of the Fifth. A man in a dirty, blood-stained uniform staggered forward. It was Chester. He saluted feebly.

"I have that honor, sir. There are only fifty-eight men left fit for duty, but we held the line. It's the Anglo-Saxon blood that wins."

A stream of blood gushed from his mouth and he fell dead at the feet of his commander.

"The Old Shoe"
Aunty Brown's Home

The house in which Aunty Brown lived from her coming to Akron in 1878 until a few years ago was at 268 Carroll Street, almost directly south of Crouse Gymnasium. First named The Beehive because everybody in it was busy, then The Omnibus because there was ever room for all who might come, in the nineties it became known as The Old Shoe. This name was given by Will Couden ('96) then in college and one of Aunty's "boys," now a minister in Washington, D. C. The suggestion. of course, came from Mother Goose's "old woman who lived in a shoe," only there was this difference between that old woman and Aunty—Aunty always knew just what to do with her children.

Here for years, this Modern Saint carried on her splendid work of helping young people of slender means to go through Buchtel College. The Old Shoe was moved to the rear of the lot a few years ago to make room for the present house at 268 Carroll Street, and shortly afterwards was torn down.

In the Bitter Root

Jack Boyer and I were both natives of Radnor, Mississippi. His father owned an immense cotton plantation that adjoined a similar one bearing my father's name. We graduated from the same high school, went to Cornell together and took the course in agriculture there. As we had studied very conscientiously, we decided, on the eve of Commencement, to rough it for a year before beginning life in earnest, and so in a few days, we returned home to obtain parental consent.

That Summer we moved slowly up the Mississippi, traveling by canoe. At St. Louis, we disposed of our bark and struck westward, reaching the Bitter Root Mountains of northeastern Idaho, before winter set in. Being so fortunate as to secure a cabin from an old man named Morse, who lived close by, we determined to hunt in that locality until spring, when it would be more feasible to continue our journey.

We could not have been better satisfied with our location. Our abode stood on the summit of Mount Snow, and the marvelous beauty of the towering hills as they rose and fell for miles around was a source of the greatest fascination. A more contented pair than us, I could not imagine. A small village, made up mostly of those in the forest service, lay ten miles to the South, and it was there that we obtained our supplies.

Our aged landlord soon proved to be our only neighbor, and he was certainly not a very friendly one. He lived about a quarter of a mile off with his daughter, who was very fair. However, the truth of the matter was that she was not his daughter at all, but an orphan whom he had reared from infancy. Morse also had a son who lived in town, but from some of the foresters I learned that he was a worthless sort of fellow.

Game was plentiful. Yet as the days passed slowly by, it struck me that I was doing most of the hunting, while Jack spent a good deal of the time at Morse's cabin. I called his attention to this.

"Your hunting has fallen off remarkably, Jack," I said, laughing. "What is the irresistible attraction, anyway?"

He laughed back, coloring slightly.

"Her name is Mary," he replied, "and she is a most unusual girl."

"Granted, but I think you should do a little shooting," I argued, "so that you may have something to tell when you get back home. If this weather keeps up any longer you won't have very much of a chance."

In the Bitter Root—Continued

I had noticed that the storms were following each other in more rapid succession, and that they seemed to increase in severity. Already two weeks had elapsed and we had seen no sign of the postman. But on the night of the fifteenth of January, one of the worst storms in the history of the hills came down upon us. The snow was blinding, and a terrific gale roared and raged all about us. As we sat smoking in the warmth from the fire, we could hear the awful moaning and cracking of the trees as they swayed to the will of the shrieking wind, and the snow as it was swept madly against the window. The fury of the storm terrified me.

After a long period of silence, Jack walked over to the window and looked out.

"Great Guns!" he exclaimed, "what a night! It's snowing so hard I can't make out Morse's cabin. I wonder how she takes it," he continued in a gentler tone, "with no one but an old man for a companion—and a grouch at that. But I suppose she is used to it."

"Not being a Mississippian," I remarked.

Jack returned to his seat. "She is not one now," he said slowly, "but with the help of God she soon will be. Ken, I love Mary—."

But I am not going to tell you all that he said, except that she loved him and that they had decided to be married in the spring. To relieve his concern over the breaking of our plans, I grasped his hand warmly and assured him that it would be all right.

"But, Jack," I asked dubiously, "are you sure, old man? Are you sure it's not these hills? And have you thought of what your father will say?"

"I was never more sure of anything in my life," he protested. "Mary is the only girl for me. There can be no other. Of that I am sure. And as for father," he said eagerly, "why, he'll be so pleased with her that he won't know what to do. He'll be the happiest fellow in the world."

"But, supposing, Jack," I said soberly, "you do make him happy. Have you considered this other old fellow who calls himself her father and who is going to spend the rest of his days in these hills? Do you think *he* will be pleased to have you take her from him?"

Jack eyed me rather sharply. "Say, Ken—." But a noise outside interrupted him.

In the Bitter Root—Continued

"Who in the devil can that be?" he muttered. As he was still speaking, the door opened and a man stepped in, followed by a furious gust of snow.

"It's Mr. Morse!" I exclaimed, recognizing him at once. "Come over by the fire and warm yourself," I said cheerfully, as Jack relieved him of his coat. "This is just the sort of night one can appreciate a warm fire." I motioned him to a chair and threw another log on the fire.

He said nothing, but sat down and slowly began to rub his hands together. As he looked into the fire, there was something about him that strongly aroused my interest. Though well advanced in years, in appearance he had the strength and vigor of a much younger man. He was rather short, and his face bore a hard expression, which was caused chiefly by his flinty eyes.

As yet he had not spoken, but, after a few minutes, he turned his gaze from the fire to where Jack was sitting.

"Mary," he said slowly, "has told me that you two love each other, and that you want to marry her." He paused a while before he continued. "I came here tonight, Boyer, to tell you that you can't have her."

Jack turned white. "Mr. Morse—."

"Stop!" the old man commanded. "I want you to hear me first. After that you can say all you want to. But now I am going to tell you something and I want you to listen and not to interrupt me."

His eyes were almost closed, and he was very pensive. The wind shrieked wildly outside.

"Just twenty-one years ago tonight," he commenced in a low, impressive tone, "the worst storm these hills ever saw, and probably ever will see, settled over this part of the country. As a boy, I had seen some pretty bad ones, having lived in Upper British Columbia, but this was the worst I had ever experienced. Snow fell for two days, and on the night of the second a great wind sprang up that wrought terror for miles around. Indeed, one night, it reached such a velocity that it broke one of my windows. I had almost finished boarding it over, when I thought I heard a voice outside. I listened attentively, and sure enough I heard it again. I put on my boots and heavy coat and went out. There, in the road, I saw a sleigh headed in the direction of town.

" 'Come out here, you old fool,' I heard the driver shout. I slowly

In the Bitter Root—Continued

made my way through the drifting snow. As I neared him, I could hear him swearing at me. On his face, as white as the snow, was a grim and frightful expression. I instantly saw that he was crazed by the cold.

"I begged him to come in and get warm.

" 'There's only one place that can make me warm tonight,' he cried wildly, 'and that's McGregor's.' Again I entreated him, but in vain. He reached under the fur robe and brought out a small, white bundle, and handed it down to me.

" 'If you insist,' he shouted, 'there's something that you can hold over your fire.' Uttering an oath, he started off. I called to him to come back, but he did not heed me. I returned to my cabin with my burden."

The old man was speaking softly now, almost in a whisper.

"It was a baby girl. At first I thought she was frozen, as she lay there in my arms, but after a while she opened her eyes and smiled up at me. I was so happy to think that I had saved her that I wept. I loved that child. I loved her better than my own little son, and I cared for her as tenderly as a woman might have done. The first word she ever said was 'Daddy.' The first prayer she ever said was for me. When she was old enough, I sent her away to school at an expense I could ill afford to pay. No sacrifice was too great for me to make. I sold my watch to buy her a new hat. I soon found that I would starve if necessary to make her happy."

The old man rose and threw out his hands.

"Why, Boyer," he cried, "I loved her so that one night when young McGregor made some remark about her, I killed him. That's how I loved her. And now you want to take here away from me. I've lived for her, and now you want to deprive me of the greatest happiness I've got. No, Boyer," with a shake of his head, "you can't have her. No one can have her but my son. Mary is going to marry my son—no one else. When she was left with me, and no one called for her, she belonged to me. And with me and mine she is going to stay."

As he finished, the old man, flushed with excitement, sank down in his chair and passed his hand over his forehead, as though greatly wearied. Even after the echo of his words had died away, there was silence. Jack, quite pale, continued to stare into the fire, but presently he raised his head and looked at the old man.

In the Bitter Root—Continued

"Mr. Morse," he said gravely, "I think I can appreciate your feelings. You have done for Mary what few fathers could ever have done. I guessed that before you told me. It is noble and beautiful, but what you have said has made me feel wretched. Please don't be angry, but I believe I love Mary as well as you do. You and I, sir, are trying to do one thing. We are both striving to make Mary happy, and be happy ourselves at the same time. But do you realize that you are not doing that? You are making Mary marry someone whom she does not love. Instead of making her happy, you are doing the very opposite, and you are destroying whatever happiness you yourself might have enjoyed. And the pity of it all," he said sadly, "you, Mr. Morse, are an old man. You must know that you have not a great many more years to live. How sad and tragic it will be to live them unhappily, ever filled with remorse. I appeal to your sense of reason, of fairness, before it is too late. There is no just cause in the world why we should not all be happy. And I can make Mary happy, and you happy, too, if you will let me."

Had he any further words they would have been interrupted, for the door was flung open and a girl entered swiftly. For an instant she hesitated. Then she sought the old man, and threw her arms around his neck and looked up anxiously into his stony face. I had never seen a more beautiful girl. The picture she formed in the arms of the old man was wonderful indeed.

Morse looked down at her, sternly.

"Mary," he asked, in a hard, unfeeling tone, "why did you follow me?"

"I knew what you were going to say, father," she said, glancing quickly at Jack," and I couldn't stay back there. You told Jack he couldn't marry me, didn't you? Oh! don't say that, father, please don't. I love you, father, but I love Jack, too. I want him. Surely you are not going to interfere with us. Surely you are not going to make me unhappy by asking me to marry Robert. Father!" she cried, "let's get out of these hills. I am tired of them, I despise them. Let's go out with Jack to where we can live like other people and be like other people." There were tears in her eyes as she pleaded with him. But the old man instead of being moved to compassion, became angry.

"You should not talk that way," he said harshly. "These hills are your hills and my hills. They have given you life. It was in them that you came to me, that I cared for you, and that I risked my life for you.

In the Bitter Root—Continued

It is too late for you to leave them now. Mary, you must understand that you are to stay here with me and marry Robert, as I have planned, or—"

"Just a moment!" I cried. "I think I hear voices outside." I hurried over to the window, and, looking out, I could distinguish several men coming towards the cabin.

"Let us in!" cried one. I pulled back the door and in came two men, covered with snow and carrying something heavy in a blanket. I recognized one to be the postman, and the other to be a fellow named Harvey, the proprietor of the general store. They placed their burden carefully on the floor and stood there as if each were waiting for the other to say something. The old man looked at them suspiciously.

"What have you there?" he demanded quickly.

Harvey made a step forward. "Mr. Morse," he began, awkwardly—

"What have you there?" repeated the old man, fiercely. "Why don't you open that blanket?" he cried.

The postman stooped over it and slowly drew aside its folds. The girl gave a cry of terror. For there, stretched out on the floor, like a slab of marble, lay the body of a young man. He was frozen stiff. He had apparently been dead for several hours.

"We found him this side of McGregor's," Harvey explained. "He was drunk, sir."

I was filled with horror, and I felt that the very air in the cabin was stifling. The girl lay in the arms of the old man. Her head was buried on his shoulder and she was sobbing gently. The old man was looking down at his son, and even after Jack had covered the body over with the blanket, he did not alter his position. His eyes were dry and he betrayed no emotion, but his face had lost its usual expression of hardness.

Harvey put on his cap. "We'll have to be going now," he said timidly, addressing the old man. "It has stopped snowing and the wind is dying down, so we won't have much trouble getting back. If you need anything for the spring, sir, I'll bring it out in about two weeks."

"That's all right, Harvey," said Jack. "Mr. Morse is mighty grateful for what you two have done. We won't forget it. But don't bother about coming out." He laid his arm tenderly over the drooping shoulders of the old man. "Mr. Morse," he said gently, "is going south with Mary, Kenneth, and me in the Spring."

Gladys P. Weeks
Registrar

Rena B. Findley
Librarian

Elsie Goodhart
Secretary to the Dean of the College of Engineering

Florence Haverstick
Secretary to the President

FRED NESTELLE
Janitor and Engineer

REUBEN DEAN
Fireman

JOKES

Doc. Plowman, come quick, I have captured a bug—
Or, maybe, the thing has got me—
It's the size of a fly, with eyes like a horse.
O Doctor, pray, what may it be?

Its bones are all shaky, its legs out of joint,
Its ears are in back of its head,
Its slender proboscis rounds off to a point—
Again, please, I didn't hear what you said.

O Doctor, its eyes are both turning green—
Its left little finger is gone—
The parietal bone and the lambdoidal ridge
Are made of conglomerate stone.

Its mouth is a cavern, each mesoderm cell
Is surrounded by strong iron bars—
It's knock-kneed and pigeon-toed, bow-leg as well,
And its crooked tail points to the stars.

Its wings are of chitin, its teeth are of dentin,
Its brain contains nothing but soup.
And Ahh-h-h——

(faints)

"That's an Ichthiorheumatiziacadooda-sauracanaden-saraposionametacarpi-apterix."

Speidel—"Why is a month in Kansas shorter than elsewhere?"

Henderson—"Because the wind blows at least two days out of every week."

Prof. Sturtevant—"What are the three words most used in the English language?"

Sutton—"I don't know."

Prof. Sturtevant—"Good! That is the first question you have answered correctly this year."

Dean—"What made the tower of Pisa lean?"

Stump—"Gee, if I knew I'd try it."

Whalen—"Do you like going to school?"

Werner—"Yes, going and coming, but I don't care much about staying."

Little words of wisdom,
Little words of bluff,
Make the teachers tell us,
"Sit down, that's enough."

Mrs. Hitcheock—"Young man, what do you mean by swearing before me?"

Watt—"Oh, exeuse me, I didn't know you wanted to swear first."

Dean (in Lit. elass)—"What Knight is your favorite?"

Maxine (rather fussed)—"Oh! most any night!"

Judge—"Do you see any change in me?"

Tommy—"No, why?"

Judge—"I just swallowed fifteen eents."

Don—"George Washington couldn't tell a lie."

Carl S.—"Well?"

Don—"That's where the Dean has G. W. skinned. He can tell them a mile off."

She—"You had no business to kiss me."

Musser—"It wasn't business, dear, it was pleasure."

Griffith—"I hear you made a reseue at the beaeh?"

Haley—"Yes, a lady was being carried out by the undertow and I threw her a eake of soap."

Jack—"What was the idea?"

Art—"Merely to wash her baek."

"Close, do you know that you remind me of a flying maehine?"

"No. Mitchell, how's that?"

"Beeause you're no good on earth."

Babby—"I don't know a thing about baseball."

Scotty—"Oh, let me explain it."

Babby—"All right. Give me a good imitation of a home run."

"You say that preparation will make the hair grow?" asked Dr. Elstein of the druggist.

"Why, say," eame from the drug man, "I know a eustomer who took the eork out of a bottle with his teeth, and now he's got a hair lip!"

Dean Spanton—"And the father of the prodigal son fell on his neck and wept. Now, why did he weep?"

Bible Lit. Student—"Huh! I guess you'd weep, too, if you fell on your neek."

Professor Plowman—"Is there any conneetion between the animal and vegetable kingdom?"

Marcella—"Yes, sir; hash!"

Bruner—"Have an accident?"

Bunnell—"No, thanks—I just had one."

Lucille—"Can a person be punished for something she hasn't done?"

Mrs. Hitchcock—"Why, of eourse not."

Lucille—"Well, I haven't done my lesson."

Girl who has just fainted in young man's arms at the firing of a rifle—"Oh, I beg your pardon, I was so frightened."

Young man—"Not at all, not at all; let's go over and watch the heavy artillery."

TEN THINGS EVERY MAN WOULD LIKE TO DO

1. Flirt with all the pretty girls.

2. Make money without working.

3. Cut classes without being marked absent.

4. Take military drill every day.

5. Put one over on Dean Spanton.

6. Learn how some people get good grades from "Sturtie."

7. Be a good dancer.

8. Bean the Kaiser.

9. Be sampler for Burkhardt's.

10. Be original.

Chick—"What a finely chiseled mouth you have; it ought to be on a girl's face."

Cable—"Well, I never lose an opportunity."

"We meet but to part again," said the comb unto the brush.

Motz—"I can't get the hang of this fox trot; somehow I always seem to end on the wrong foot."

She—"Yes, on mine."

Father (sternly)—"Young man, I saw you put your arm around my daughter last night."

Youth—"Well, you didn't see her struggling, did you?"

'19—"Gee, I want to smoke the worst way!"

'18—"Well—here's a corncob pipe from the Athletic Smoker."

Chemistry yet lives—and aniline dyes!

Hez—"I told you to notice when that solution boiled over."

Osborne—"I did. It was a quarter to four."

Dr. Rockwell—"I have come to the conclusion that no one is certain of anything!"

Stude—"Are you sure, Doctor?"

Doc—"Absolutely."

Bruner—"They say that men are going to wear clothes to match their hair this year."

Gulick—"Poor 'Doc' Elstein!"

Hunsicker—"I just love the 'Waltz'."

AT FORT PITT HOTEL, PITTSBURGH

Waiter (to Swigart)—"Will Monsieur have a la carte or table d'hote?"

Swigart—"Both, and put plenty of gravy on 'em."

Latest War News

Definite war news have I none,
But my aunt's washerwoman's sister's son
Heard a policeman on his beat
Say to a laborer on the street
That he had a letter just last week,
Written in either Latin or Greek,
From a Chinese coolie from Timbuctoo,
Who said a nigger in Cuba knew
Of a colored man in Texas town
Who got it straight from a circus clown
That a man in Klondike heard the news
From a gang of South American Jews,
About somebody in Borneo, who
Heard of a man who claimed to know
Of a swell society female rake
Whose mother-in-law will undertake
To prove that her seventh husband's niece
Has stated in a printed piece
That she has a son who has a friend
Who knows when this war is going to end—

? ? ? ? ?

But he won't tell.

Cable—"Did you ever notice that the matrimonial process is like that of making a call? First, you go to adore, you ring a belle, and you give your name to a maid."

Helen—"Yes, and then you are taken in."

Miss McEbright—"What is the meaning of Elocution?"

Art Haley—"It's the way people are put to death in some states."

Watt (in basketball practice)—"Time out."

Coach—"What's the matter now?"

Watt—"Oh! I got a splinter in my hand."

Coach—"What were you doing, scratching your head?"

Daddy—"What is the highest form of animal life?"

Hilton—"The giraffe."

Prof. Simmons (in chem. exam.)—"By what process is gold released most quickly?"

Rowse (one who knows)—"By the marriage process."

Janitor—"I found that 'Not To Be Used Except In Case Of Fire' sign those Junior boys took from the fire extinguisher."

Prexy—"Where?"

Janitor—"They nailed it up over the coal bin."

Dr. Plowman—"What is a pole cat?"

Bodie—"A small animal to be killed with a pole—the longer the pole the better."

He (putting his arm about her slender waist)—"Dearest, Love is Blind."

Helen H. (hastily pulling the shade)—"Love may be, but are the neighbors."

A Criminal's Plea

He stood at the bar of Justice
A Junior, wan and worn.
In form not becoming a Junior,
His appearance was so forlorn:

For a look so grave and pathetic
Was stamped on his pale, young face.
It seemed long hours of study
Had left their silent trace.

"Your number?" said Dean as he eyed him
With kindly look, yet keen.
"Is twenty-three, if you please, sir."
"And your age?" "I am turned nineteen."

"Well, Bob"—and then from the record
He slowly and gravely read,
"Your Chapel attendance is frightful;
You have nothing but cuts," he said.

"You look not like an offender,
And I hope that you can show
The charge to be false. Now, tell me:
Are you guilty of this or no?"

A passionate burst of weeping
Was at first his sole reply.
But he dried his tears in a moment
And looked into Ikey's eye.

"I will tell you just how it was, sir:
I really meant to try
To keep my record perfect,
Like the Seniors who sit close by.

"But somehow the task was hard, sir,
So many staid away,
Prof. Sibley doesn't come at all, sir,
When the baby is cross, they say.

"I, too, found other employment,
The weather grew nice and warm,
The campus looked so inviting
I thought I was doing no harm.

"Since when Sturtie hasn't his lesson,
The chapel time he will take,
And we poor students must flunk, sir,
Our chapel record to make.

"And the 9:20 profs. hold their classes
'Till the Chapel bell is done,
And to get to our seats in time, sir,
We across the campus must run.

A Criminal's Plea—Continued

"And then we feel so sad, sir,
When at last we do get there,
To find as we look for a prof., sir,
There is only a vacant chair.

"Mrs. Hitchcock had the toothache,
Cullom lost his shoestring, he said,
And Doctor Shapiro was home, sir,
Helping the Mrs. bake bread.

"Each one has a good excuse, sir,
And while Daddy and you go each day
You know that someone must go, sir,
To see who all else stay away.

"I know you will see how it is, sir,
I am guilty, but do not condemn;
I have to do like the profs. do—
Is it wrong to follow them?"

The Dean's kind face was a study,
His face as black as ink.
He scratched his collar and murmured,
"I hardly know what to think."

And no one blamed him or wondered
When at last this report was heard:
"The sentence of this young sinner
Is for the present deferred."

Fox (in Portage Grill, placing a dime on the bar)—"Give me a drink."

Bartender—"We have no ten-cent drinks."

Fox (picking up the dime)—"Well, I'll be damned if I'll take a five-cent drink."

———

Palmer—"Gee, I guess we're pretty dumb!"

Prof. Egbert—"Well, that's no news."

———

Prof. Olin—"Mr. Tomkinson, what do you want to be?"

Tommy (sleepily)—"Oh, I want to be nice."

———

Sturtevant—"Why don't you use common sense in writing your blue-books?"

Ruth M.—"Oh, I didn't want to take unfair advantage of you."

———

Howard H.—"Have you ever loved anyone before me?"

Fran.—"No, darling, I have not. I have admired many men for their bravery, beauty, intelligence, strength, but as for you, dear, it is only love, nothing else."

———

Prof. Morris—"Well, Kramer, did you get that first problem?"

Kramer—"I don't know. When it comes to that affinity stuff, I quit."

———

Ruth Kaufman (at a football game)—"Say, girls, how many halves are there to a football game?"

Hez—"Who made the first nitride?"

Helen Burkett—"Paul Revere."

———

Daddy (after calling Mr. Hunsicker's name several times)—"Please find yourself as soon as possible after roll call, Mr. Hunsicker."

———

Osborne (purchasing supplies)—"Why is this cheese so full of holes?"

Johnny (at Sumner's cheese stall)—"Oh, that's all right. It needs all the fresh air it can get."

———

Vy—"And I'm sure you are doing something patriotic, too. Everyone should at this time."

Spike—"I'm letting my girl knit me a pair of socks and I carried her knitting bag for her the last time we went walking."

———

Art Knowlton's Motto—"It's better to fuss than to be fussed."

———

Mrs. Hitchcock—"Write a very long sentence."

Christensen—"Imprisoned for life."

———

Major (at inspection)—"Where is the balance of your gun?"

Sawyer (visibly excited)—"I don't know, sir, it was here this morning."

———

"My wife," triumphantly said Sibley, "made me what I am."

"Well, don't hold that against her," replied Tuller, "maybe she couldn't do any better."

Hez. (handing Sibley a beaker of white powder)—"Taste this and tell me what you think it is."

Sibley—"It tastes like soda."

Hez.—"That's what I said. Hardgrove declares it's rat poison. Taste it again to make sure."

———

"What's happened to Holloway, the driver of that limousine?"

"Oh, he was with a regiment down in Texas and crawled under an army mule to see why it wouldn't go."

———

"The next one in this room that speaks above a whisper will be put out," exclaimed Miss Findley, angrily.

"Hip, hip, hooray," shouted Lois, and made a run for the door.

———

"Here, Miss Stimmel, this plate is damp," said Prof. Tuller (when he was lunching in the cafeteria one noon).

"That's your soup," replied Miss Stimmel, "we serve only small portions in war time."

———

Punk Gulick (knitting on the front step one day)—"What happens," he said (earnestly to his instructor), "if you drop a stitch? Does it break?"

———

R. S. V. P.

I kiss her lips so lightly,
In just the proper way;
Then whisper, most politely—
"Respondez s'il vous plais!"

Art Haley—"If I were to kiss you, would you call for help?"

Peg—"Would you need it?"

———

Daddy—"What important institutions have grown with consumption?"

Tommy—"Tuberculosis!"

———

Werner—"How did you get home when your machine broke down?"

Christy—"A la carte."

———

Frase—"American, as you are, don't you think you would really be awed by the presence of a king?"

Swigart—"Not if I held an ace."

———

"Say, Jack, are you doing any patriotic work?"

Kennedy—"I should say I am. Both of my sisters use me to wind wool on."

———

Kep.—"You saw Jimmie in the gym the other day and didn't speak to him? What was the matter?"

Helen W.—"You know those lovely wristlets I knitted for him? Well, he was using one of them to clean his horrid old rifle."

———

So Does The Tel-Buch

"Bliggins' small boy uttered his masterpiece the other evening in the presence of a large company."

"What was it?"

"He said: 'Father, where do you get all the funny things you tell people I say?'"

Can You Imagine

Prexy as an Opera Singer?

Dean Spanton going to burlesque?

Ruth Kaufman quiet for two minutes?

How Dr. Rockwell would look if someone got his goat?

Ruth Calvin flirting?

Miss Findley slamming the library door?

Prof. Sturtevant late for a 7:30?

Louise Guth growing up instead of sideways?

Marcella without Peg?

"Prexy" Tuller making a 7:30 on time?

Lois Kepler mad at anyone?

Carl Shaffer having his Biology drawings done?

Bill Pfahl talking to a woman in the halls?

Purdy at a dance?

Holloway with 10 sticks of gum in his mouth at one time?

Palmer drilling with cold feet?

Iva—"And when you are away to the war I want you to think of me each evening at nine o'clock."

Hap.—"Make it eight-forty-five, can't you? I've got to think of Ollie at nine."

"Come, come, Welker," snapped Henderson, as the private shot wide of the mark. "I don't believe you could hit a furniture van."

"Well, you needn't say anything," retorted Welker, "you missed a train yesterday."

"Why, Howard Hottenstein?"

"Yes, Mother."

"What are you boys doing?"

"Playing royalty. I am a Knight of the Garter and Joe is Saturday."

"That is an odd name for royalty."

"Oh, it is just a nickname on account of his title."

"What is his title?"

"Night of the Bath!"

Carl S.—"I had a funny dream last night."

Carl R.—"Tell me about it."

"Martha was talking to me so sweetly; I hung on to every word, and then———"

"Yes, yes, and then?"

"Her voice broke."

"And I am the only girl you ever loved?"

"Certainly, darling."

"Then why have you called me Ethel ten times this evening when my name is Ruth?"

Father of Fresh.—"These language courses are expensive." Here my son has been charged $20 extra for English."

Father of Soph.—"You're right, they are expensive. My son has an $85 extra on his account for Scotch."

Sturtie—"You are quite sure that this is a purely original composition you have handed in? I must say the wording sounds familiar."

Nora—"Possibly you have run across some of the words in the dictionary."

Poor Keeney, he cannot take a bath,
He is so awful stout,
For when he gets into the tub
The water splashes out.

"Have you 'Lamb's Tales'," asked Katherine K. in the library one day.

"No," replied Gilbert, "this is a library, not a butcher shop."

Mysterious Doin's

It was a dark night; the moon was hidden behind clouds; people quitted the streets for their homes. On such a night mystery lurked around every corner and tragedy stalked in the shadows.

Two men were standing on the Rue de la E. Exchange talking in low sibilant whispers. Presently they were joined by others, by two and by three until there were seven—a mysterious number, surely.

Thence these seven proceeded in the direction of that edifice which stands on the brow of a noble hill and is known to men as Akron University.

Presently, there were loud knockings on the door of Curtis Cottage wherein dwelt an elderly spinster and she was reputed to have many good things to eat in her larder. It was their purpose to feast well before attacking the dirty work at hand. These knockings eliciting no response, they attempted to enter by a window but a shrill feminine scream split the air. It was a grand moment. It was the first and only time Sarah Stimmel hit high C.

Fearful lest they be subjected to further grand opera, the men scattered. One of them ran directly into the arms of the staid and sturdy guardian of the place. To feasibly explain his presence, he told the watchman that there were cries issuing from Curtis Cottage. Being by avocation an expert bluffer, this bold young cavalier returned with the watchman to the scene of the disaster.

Some minutes later he returned to the rendezvous, breathless and excited. He feared for the worst. Nevertheless, the seven counciled that the evening's work should be completed. They armed themselves with sundry brushes and dye-stuffs, and banners of purple and white. Again they proceeded to the doomed buildings.

Let us draw a veil over the events of the next few hours.

When the loyal students of the college came at seven-thirty to listen to the words of wisdom of their professors, what a sight there was for them to see. A bear crouched on the top of a lamp-post, dripping with rain—he was a noble figure. Behind him and around him was arranged an artistic setting which must have filled his heart with pride. He was wishing that his thirty-six brothers could see him now.

The color scheme was purple and white. Streamers and painted windows, sidewalks, railings, pillars proclaimed these colors to high heaven.

Mysterious Doin's—Continued

"Odds fish," shrieked the noble head of the college and his prime minister, the Baron de Spanton. "What horror is this? Kick out somebody! Expel the school! Bring out the royal bloodhounds! Page Mr. Hawkshaw."

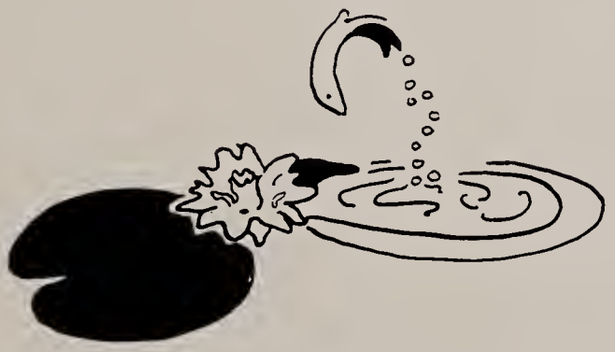
There was at least one clue. M. Reuben Dean, the excellent custodian, had met with the Chevelier de la Werner on the campus on the night of the horror. Promptly the suspicioned one was expelled.

Shocked at seeing this fatal turn of affairs, the secret seven resolved to tell all—at least a part of it, and plead for mercy for the ousted one as well as for themselves.

An imposing sight, surely. There were the Duc de Whalen, the Earl de Osborne, Marquis Cable, Lord Christy, Reginald de la Ruttman, Sir Hunsicker, and the ill-fated Chevelier de la Werner. Their tears would have melted a heart of stone. They did. At the penalty of losing various hours of credit and the task of washing clean the defiled pillars of the college, these ambitious Juniors were freed.

From which let us draw a moral. One does not have to be an artist to draw a moral. It involves less trouble even than drawing a salary.

Hear, then, oh college students! Never, never attempt the Big Ben stuff. The faculties of colleges are inclined to be quiet, and they love their little siesta. Following their example, the students are likewise. Let them sleep. And never, never be a member of the Junior Class. For if you do, you cannot fulfill the first part of this moral.



Amy (picking up a piece of iron ore in Chem. Lab.)—"Say, Mr. Hottenstein, how do you get iron out of this?"

Hot.—"We smelt it."

Amy C. sniffed at the lump of ore. "Ridiculous," she said. "Look, I smelt it and it is still ore."

"Oh, Art, you will have to be brave to stand out there in the dark on duty!"

"Yes, but a little practice before I go will help a lot."

Coach—"Who's the smallest man on earth?"

Spike—"The soldier who went to sleep on his watch."

Bill Pfahl (bringing in some jokes for the Tel-Buch)—"I have some peaches here."

Joke Editor (after perusing them)—"I guess we'll can them!"

Shaffer—"What did your father say when you told him that my love for you was like a gushing river?"

Martha—"He said, 'Dam it!'"

Bob Christy—"I could dance to heaven with you."

Helene—"Can you reverse?"

Mrs. Thompson—"Why did Hannibal cross the Alps?"

Alex.—"For the same reason that the hen crossed the road. Ha, ha, you can't catch me on puzzles."

Daddy (in Psychology)—"Can anyone here call up an image and think he sees it?"

Dutch—"Yes, I can."

Daddy—"Because if he can there is something wrong with his mind."

Dean Spanton—"There is much real meat in Bacon."

Your Girl and Electricity

When your girl is sulky and will not speak—Exciter.
If she talks too long—Interrupter.
If she gets too excited—Controller.
If her way of thinking is not yours—Converter.
If she is willing to come half way—Meter.
If she will come all the way—Receiver.
If she wants to go further—Conductor.
If she would go still further—Dispatcher.
If she wants to be an angel—Transformer.
If she goes up in the air—Condenser.
If she wants chocolates—Feeder.

O Pappy, how shining the stars are tonight—
They were never so twinkly before.
Run, run, get your telescope out of the shed
And look at their brilliance some more.

If I were on Mars with you and my friends,
We'd swim those canals all alone:
In an Old Town canoe, with a jokebook or two,
We'd sail o'er the whole canal zone.

We would visit the sun and see the sun spots,
Run races around Saturn's rings;
We'd tell Old Orion to kill the big bull,
Pluck a feather from Pegasus' wings.

We'd get the goat of the charioteer,
And kill all the snakes in the skies.
We'd trim the bear's tail to its proper length,
And see where Aquilla still flies.

We'd all go a-hunting and take the two dogs,
With Bootes along for a guide;
And cook the jack-rabbit (provided we caught him),
And strip off the old lion's hide.

We'd charter the Argo, and towed by the Swan
Would cover the celestial dome;
And tell wondrous tales of our friends in the skies
To the common folks back here at home.

Ethel—"When will there be twenty-five letters in the alphabet?"

Duke—"When U and I are one."

Prof.—"What is sleep?"

Bunnell—"Sleep's what you have to do in the morning after you've been out all night."

"Eavesdropping!" exclaimed Adam, as his wife fell out of the fig tree.

Harriet—"I woke up last night with a terrible sensation that my new watch was gone. The impression was so strong that I got up and looked."

Helen—"Well, was it gone?"

Harriet—"No, but it was going."

THE NERVIEST FOLKS IN THE WORLD

The guy who borrows your dress suit to take your girl to a dance.

The professor who prescribes his own text-book for use in the course.

The section instructor who borrows your lead pencil to mark your paper "D."

The man who borrows a dollar from his barber to buy a safety razor.

Jones—"Since you lost that bet, I think I can claim that forfeit."

Alta—"I really don't know what you mean, and besides, someone might see us."

Fox—"Where do you worship this beautiful Sunday evening?"

Werner—"At 808 Ardmore Ave."

Pete—"Say, Vy, where is the best place to hold the world's fair?"

Vy—"You can't get me—around the waist."

Mrs. Thompson—"Your answer reminds me of Quebec."

Holloway—"How's that?"

Mrs. T.—"Because it is founded on such a high bluff."

"What's going to keep me from kissing you?"

"My goodness!"

Officer (to recruit)—"You're Greene, aren't you."

Recruit—"Say, boss, wait 'till you see the rest."

Ah, a new book just out, published by a Buchtelite—"How Two Can Study As One." Ask Duke Lidyard.

He kissed her rosy lips,
Just kissed them in a frolic,
But, oh, it was a dear, dear kiss,
For he died of painter's colic.

Griffiths—"Gee, my neck feels warm!"

Bill R.—"I thought I smelled rubber burning!"

Bill Pfahl—"I want you to know that I don't stand on trifles."

Butler (looking at Bill's feet)—"Well, I should say you don't!"

Waiter—"How will you have your steak, sir?"

Prof. Spanton (after teaching a class in Bible Lit.)—"Well done, good and faithful servant."

"What is Art Knowlton limping around for?"

"Why, he fell in love and broke his engagement."

Harold Snyder—"It would be a mighty dull world for you girls if all the men should suddenly leave it."

Marion—"Oh, we should still have you college boys left."

Prof. Spanton—"I am tempted to give a test."

Jack Griffith—"Yield not to temptation, for yielding is a sin."

Father—"Isn't that young man gone yet?"

"No, father, but I've got him going."

The girl—"My father says there is a movement on foot—"

The youth (with visible alarm)—"I think I had better go."

Prof.—"What! Forgotten your pencil again? What would you think of a soldier who went to war without a gun?"

Moore—"I'd think he was an officer, sir."

"What kind of stoves did prehistoric men have?"

"Mountain ranges."

Joe—"I have your permission to call this evening?"

Helen—"I shall be very pleased but don't forget that our lights go out at ten o'clock."

Joe—"That's fine. I'll be there promptly at ten."

"That dress you wore to the Prom. was certainly a song!"

"So? What song?"

"Sweet and Low."

Prof.—"Write a short theme on the subject of baseball."

Bright Stude—"Rain, no game."

Mrs. Thompson—"Where was Solomon's Temple?"

'21—"Do you think I don't know anything?"

Mrs. T.—"Where was it, then?"

'21—"Why! On the side of his head, of course."

"One of our members lost his reason last night."

"How terrible! How did it happen?"

"Why, he had one when he left the frat., but he forgot it before he got home."

Captain Harris—"Hey, Keating, where are you going with that bit and brace?"

Keating—"I'm going to drill."

The young man carefully removed the cigars from his vest pocket and placed them on the piano. Then he opened his arms. But the girl did not flutter to them.

"You," she said, coldly, "have loved before."

Sergeant Christy (drilling awkward squad)—"Company! Attention, company, lift up your left leg and hold it straight out in front of you."

One of the squad held out his right leg by mistake. This brought his right-hand companion's left leg and his own right leg close together. Christy, seeing this, exclaimed angrily:

"And who is that fellow over there holding up both legs?"

Duke—"Darlin', I swear that my love is enduring."

She (yawning)—"She certainly is."

Sayin's

Dis worl's made up o' lots o' fokes;
Some big, some small an' weak,
An' some is liars an' some is good,
An' haughty some, an' some is meek.
But, Hon'y, yo' jest let 'em 'lone,
Yo'll see whut dey amounts,
'Taint whut dey is o' whut dey ain't,
It's whut yo' is dat counts.

ROASTS

Wants of A Few

A real case ..... Bob Christy
A dreamy Waltz ..... Oscar Hunsicker
A sure hair restorer ..... Doc Elstein
A cure for blushing ..... Howdy Myers
More dates ..... Ruth Magennis
Some loafers ..... Men's Club Rooms
More height ..... Harriet Burt
Some sense ..... Rolland Fox
A Hudson Super-Six ..... Holloway
More nights to go fussing ..... Hottenstein
One more job ..... Bill Avery
A conceit destroyer ..... Holmwood
An automatic giggler ..... Harold Bruner
More scandal ..... Helen Shaffer
A fattener ..... Isabel Hower
Some one to love her ..... Katherine Graham
More military drill ..... Roland Palmer
Her fortune told ..... Amy Cunnington
A lovely woman ..... Griffith
A perfect disposition ..... Osborne
Ten minutes more sleep ..... Manthey
Dancing lessons ..... Marion Bierce
A new joke ..... "Tibbie" Tibbitts
A man to walk home with her ..... "Peg" Washburn
A freckle eradicator ..... Lucille Hamlin
A sweet smile ..... Ruttman
Something to kick about ..... Kennedy
A sunny disposition ..... "Lukie" Olin
Two pink eyes ..... Emmons
More space in his car ..... Bunnell
Someone to kid me ..... Marcella Alexander
A pep restorer ..... B. Bruner

Did You Ever See

Prof. Sturtevant give an "E"?
"Daddy" Olin without a smile?
"Pappy" Egbert on his grouchy day?
Young Doc. Speidel's girl's picture?
"Goat" Rockwell without a goatee?
"Ikey" Spanton dismiss a class early?
Dean Thompson with no new war news?
"Ma" Hitchcock studying a French lesson?
Doc. Plowman around school on Friday?
"Hez." Simmons with nothing to do?
Hardgrove hold his Bacteriology class?
"Maw" Findley smile in the Library?
A. A. Shapiro without a good word for himself?
Coach Sefton hanging around Buchtel Hall with the girls?
Dean Ayer climb a telephone pole in his Overland?
"Weazel" March without his glasses?
"Ichabod" Cullum without a physics text-book?
Mrs. Weiler drink milk out of a bottle?
Prof. Bulger teaching Spanish?

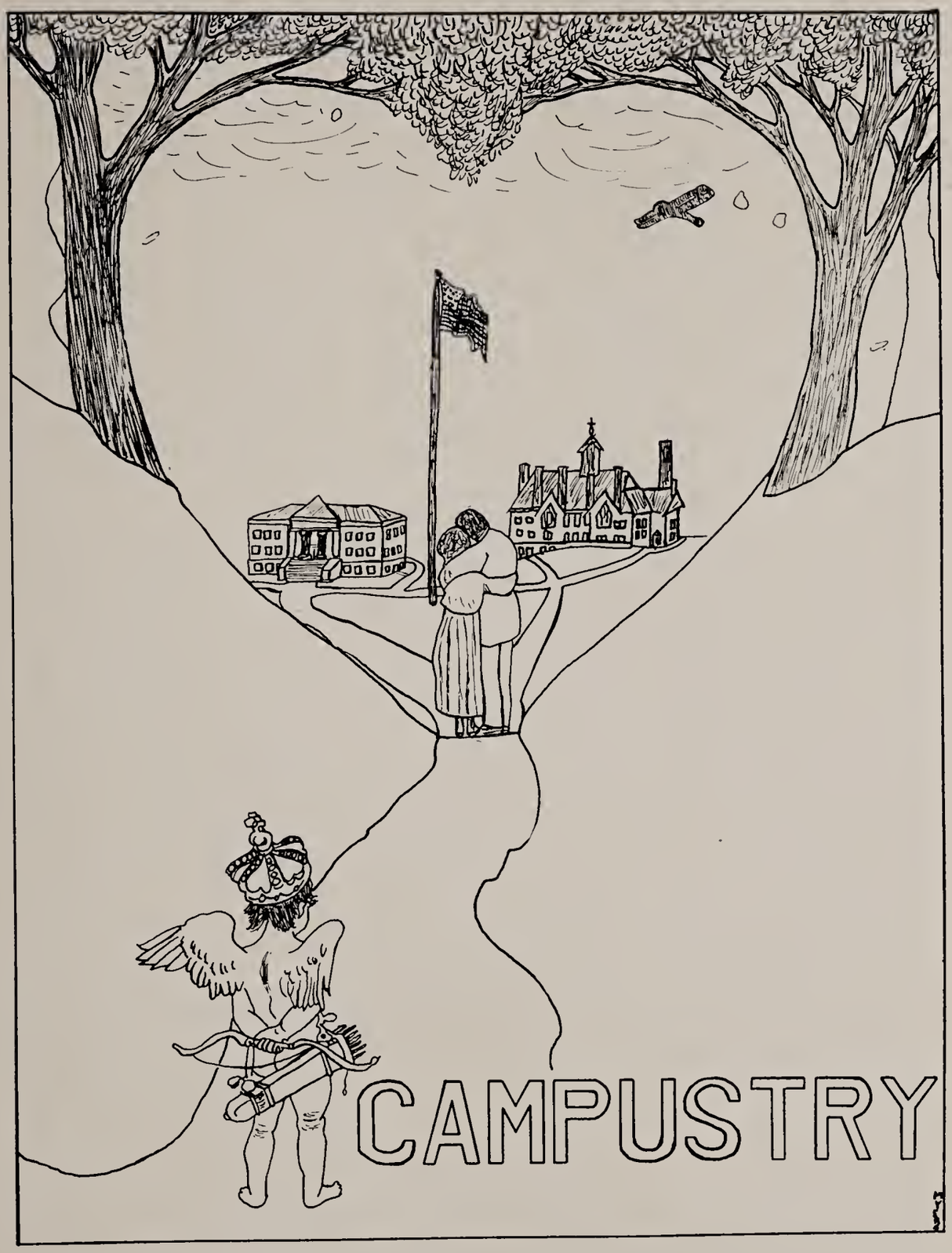
WELL, NEITHER DID WE!

"Students wishing employment at five dollars or better per day during the Summer," reads an unsigned want ad.

We never could understand why people wouldn't sign their jokes.

I don't like the bill at the Colonial. Let's see what the Empress has on???????

You who think our jokes are poor,
Would straight way change your views,
Should you compare the ones we use,
With those which we refuse.

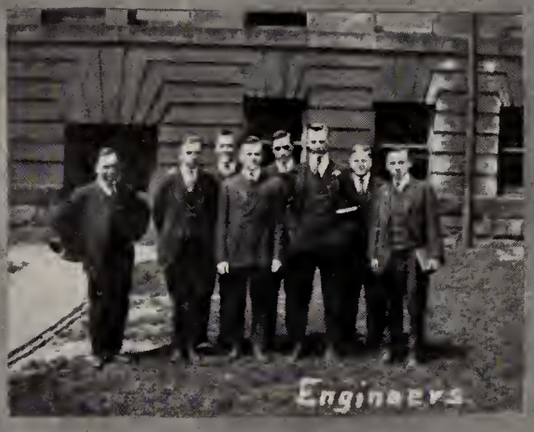

CAMPUSTRY

Cases
Where
Hearts
Win

"Shaf" and Helene.
"Tammy" n' everything!
Locked out.
Shift, Ollie!
Poor Soph!
Some Smile!
Censored.
Brrr-r!
Dean Ayer's "Lambs"

Watch your step!

Wow.


Engineers

Go it, Bob!
A

Oh boys!

Guess who I am!

Oh girls !!!

I wonder why?

Dignity

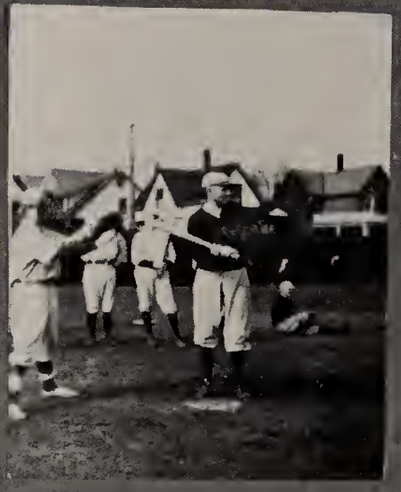
Smile!
Smile!

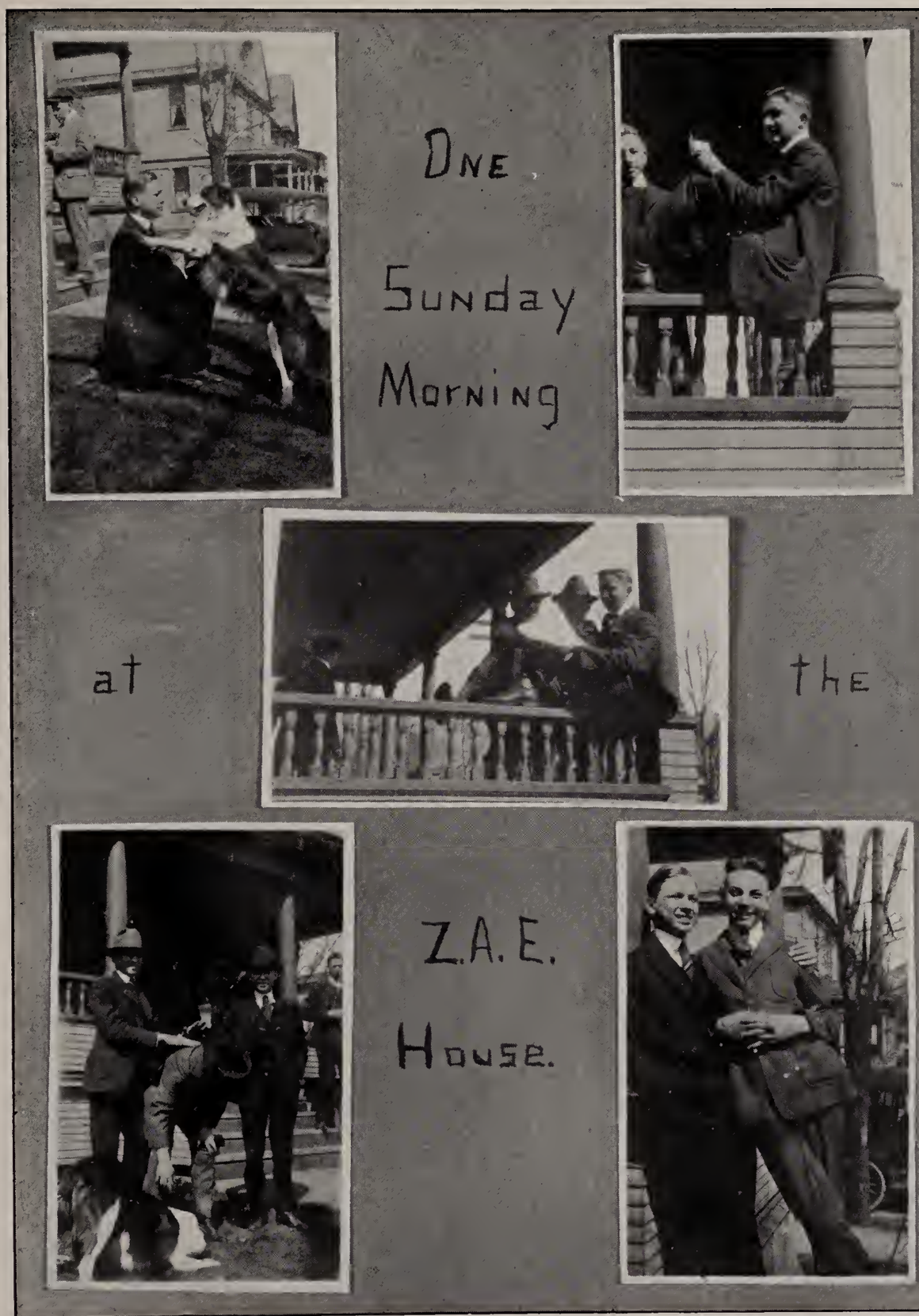
Spring Days!

Snapped

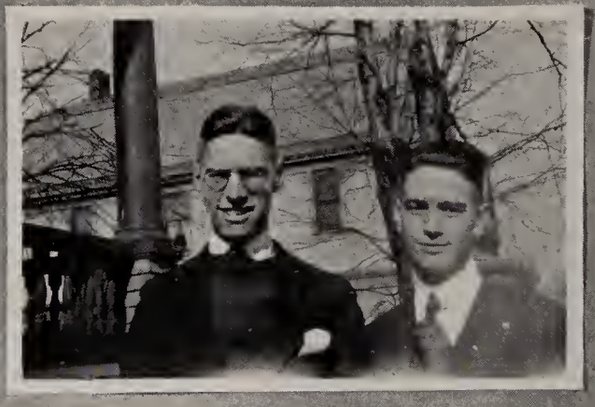
While in Action.

?




One
Sunday
Morning
at
the
Z.A.E.
House.

Camera



Caught

Familiar
Faces

Campus

Scenery

Adams & Tuller.

Egbert.

"Daddy" Olin.

Pleasant Profs

Prof. Plowman ↑

"Prexy" Tuller.

"Prexy" again and "Doc" Speidel.

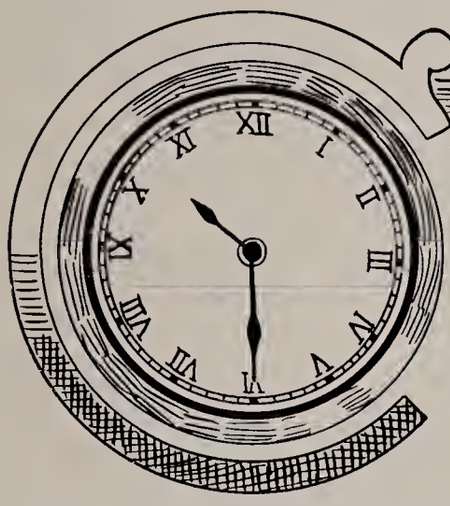
How simple it looks!

Retribution?

House-cleaning Time!

Fresh.-
Soph.
Contest.

Are'nt these
Beauties?



Calendar

September 17—Hello! How are you? What did you do this summer?
September 18—We part with our summer's savings.
September 19—The green freshies buy chapel seats—twenty-five cents a year or two for forty cents (take your girl with you).
September 20—The freshies wake up; they want their money back!
First drill practice.
September 21—Football practice begins; all the huskies report.
September 22—"Judge" Rogers comes hanging around again.
September 24—We now begin to study—a necessary evil in the course of events.
September 25—Walter Holmwood flirts with the Biology girls. Now Walter, you stop right this minute!
September 26—Captain R. Daniel Fox of the Royal Horse Marines enters with his usually enlightening conversation.
September 27—Freshmen elections.
September 28—All those eligible for the knitting team report to the rhetoric office for preliminary instructions. Urge your friends to join!
September 29—Muskingum, 3; Akron, 33.
October 1—Back to Central time again. How many were late to school?
October 2—Mrs. Thompson's tea for Freshmen girls.
October 3—Oh, look! Carl Shaffer has one of those Freshman girls under his fatherly care.
October 4—There was a man named Werner,
Who woke up one night with a yell,
"Gee, I dreamt I paid my last year's class dues,"
And straightway to sleep then he fell.
October 5—Woman's League "Knitting" Spread—biggest crowd for years.
Men's Smoker and Rally.
October 6—Heidelberg, 34; Akron, 6. Ouch!
But "Scotty" made the touchdown.
October 8—"Bodey" comes to school without taking his milk bath!
October 9—We get bawled out again in "Military." Oh, how we love our teacher.
October 10—First monthly reports are out.
Though some may flunk and some may pass,
Reports go on forever.

Calendar—Continued

October 11—Freshman-Sophomore Contest:
Free-for-all fight in mud;
Freshman parade;
Freshmen run up colors on flag pole.
October 12—Purple and White well displayed—some Juniors!!!!
Men's Smoker and Rally—"Night-shirt parade."
Phi Mu Rushing Party.
October 13—Reserve, 0; Akron, 33.
Big bon-fire on Campus.
October 15—Rally in Buchtel Hall. Speeches by team.
Football Banquet at Stowe Tavern.
October 16—Ann and "Spike" were hanging around the halls again!
October 17—"Duke" Lidyard has captured a Freshman girl's heart.
October 18—The Seniors are beginning to feel the dignity of their positions.
October 19—Kappa Kappa Gamma Rushing Party.
October 20—Wooster, 7; Akron, 6.
October 22—Herman went to sleep in Psychology.....?????
October 23—Mr. Speidel talked with one of the girls today. The school certainly was shocked.
October 24—Who's that? Oh, that's Doctor Shapiro! Doctor? Yes, 'Arvard thrust a degree upon him.
October 25—The cross-country team does a little prancing.
October 26—Delta Gamma Rushing Party.
Men's Rally that night.
October 27—Ohio Northern, 0; Akron, 20. Some rain.
October 29—Sorority Pledge Night.
"Daddy" Olin has trouble with "Lizzie"—result no logic class.
October 30—"Fine day! Very fine day!" (By permission of "Prexy" Tuller.)
October 31—Those inconsiderate girls are trying to make Bill Pfahl talk.
November 1—Gee, don't them there soldiers look perfectly grand in their beautiful uniforms.
November 2—First informal. Fine turnout.
Freshmen, Freshmen everywhere!
November 3—Mount Union, 0; Akron, 19.
Oberlin vs. Akron—cross-country run. Oberlin wins.
November 5—"Babby" washed her hair and "can't do a thing with it." "Bodey" washed his feet.
November 6—Military Band makes its debut.
November 7—Several of the erstwhile upper classmen are raising mustaches. They haven't the price of a shave.
November 8—Phi Mu Dinner at Burns' Club in honor of National President.
November 9—Presentation of Service Flag by Miss McEbright. Three cheers for the boys in service.
Freshman Class Party.

Calendar—Continued

November 12—Everybody late. Reason—no car service.
"Daddy" gives his logic class the fourth vacation in three weeks. Thanks, "Daddy."
November 13—Unlucky day. We walk to school again. N. O. T. men still on vacation.
November 14—Little Carl went out this eve,
His mother asked him whither?
And he, not wishing to deceive,
Blushingly answered "With 'er."
November 15—Some of the students get the aviation "bug." Stay on earth, young man, stay on earth!
November 16—Mr. Woodbury, an intimate friend of Emerson, talks to the students in chapel.
November 17—Camp Sherman, 7; Akron, 25.
November 19—Dr. Rockwell dreamt that he became a Greek god. Ah, if he could only live in his dreams.
November 20—Captain Harris was absent from drill. Captain, oh, my Captain.
November 21—Several of the old college tea hounds were seen staggering out of the "Busy Bee Tea Shoppe."
November 22—The same old story—move out of the halls or keep quiet.
November 23—Froze as usual in chapel. Also murdered a few of the familiar songs.
November 24—Allegheny, 33; Akron, 0. Tough luck and tough field.
November 26—Football team starts on a rampage. Be careful now, fellers.
November 27—Vacation starts soon. So lay off the studies.
November 28—Senior Party. Everybody there.
November 29—Thanksgiving holidays.
December 1—Delta Gamma luncheon at Burns' Club in honor of National officer.
December 3—Thanksgiving holidays over.
December 4—Three finger nails gone and not a word from Susie.
December 5—Sigma Beta's Winter Picnic at Burns' Club.
December 6—"Elsie" begins "vamping" the women. Ladies, be careful.
December 7—Lone Star Dinner Dance at Portage Country Club .
December 8—Saturday again, well only Freshmen come to school on this day so why worry.
December 10—Rolland Daniel Fox cuts classes awaiting the call to the trenches.
December 11—Ruth Kaufman gets in the wrong Biology period and consequently becomes peeved (as she always does).
December 12—Coach Sefton, alias "Major," explains the deep puzzles of army discipline.
December 13—Mrs. Hitchcock comes to school protected by her better half.
December 14—Junior Class Party. A cold gym but a "hot" time in the Library Building.

Calendar—Continued

December 15—Ten below zero and only a shovelful of coal for the furnace. No school until January 2.
December 25—Christmas.
January 2, 1918—Back again. Back again. Who has their lessons?
January 3—The Glee Club tries to organize! We sure have some leather lungs in school!
January 4—Basketball begins! Captain Whalen leads a fast crew. Varsity, 39; Alumni, 9.
January 5—Professor Sturtevant explains that his name is spelled with a "t" instead of a "d." Who the deuce cares, anyhow?
January 7—Curses, the thermometer falls again. Also Rodney S. and Ethel R.
January 8—"Judge" Rogers rolls around just a little late, as usual.
January 9—"Prexy" Tuller succumbs to the wiles of the upper classmen. He attends the Folly. Some dancers, eh, Prexy?
January 10—Mrs. Thompson came smiling to school as usual.
January 11—Hiram, 16; Akron, 45.
Knowlton and Tommy star.
January 14—All the great men are dying and I don't feel a bit well—Rodney Sutton.
January 15—Cable comes around for class dues. Johnny, get your gun!
January 16—Terrible catastrophe! The wind blew in Buchtel Hall.
January 17—Men's Mixer—Oh, You Pipes.
January 18—All hail the Founder of our school!
Wooster, 16; Akron, 35. At Wooster.
Oh, boys—"We Wooster girls congratulate you on your youth," but—look what a feed you missed.
January 21—On news of unannounced test, Dean Spanton's Lit. Class escapes via window—yes, girls and all.
January 22—Johnny and Keppy were talking in the halls again today.
January 23—Less noise in the halls, studes.
January 24—"Shakespeare" Franklin begins to realize that journalism and school are two distinct things.
January 25—Mount Union, 17; Akron, 44.
January 28—Exam. Week.
January 29—Cram!
January 30—Slam!
Oscar's Birthday—'Nuf Sed. Eh, Babby?
January 31—Exam!
February 1—Second Informal. A well-attended postponed celebration.
February 2—Baldwin-Wallace, 13; Akron, 48.
February 4—We spend our money for the second semester.
Chemistry Club Banquet. Oh, that invigorating walk to Darrowville. Total result—one frozen ear, five frozen fingers, one frozen nose, and a frozen face. But, as Bob says, "WE had some time after all."
February 5—Some raw recruits join the battalion.
Greenie Freshies all around,
Clearly labeled—"lost, not found."
February 6—Twenty-three new students enter our school.

Calendar—Continued

February 7—Slight suggestions of Spring:—
1. Sturtevant dismisses a class!!!!
2. Oscar says "I'll hand that Tel-Buch stuff in soon but I'm going out every night this week." Who are they all, Hunny?

February 8—Wooster, 15; Akron, 23.
Rev. McCormick spoke in chapel.

February 9—All four of the Greek class were there on time.

February 11—Roland Palmer and "Tubby" Wilson return to their first loves. What? No, to their Old Alma Mater.

February 12—The "rookies" happen to put their uniforms on backwards.

February 13—We have a military test. What happened to the Coach?

February 14—The Battalion is reorganized into one Company.

February 15—Ohio Northern, 15; Akron, 50.

February 16—Ah, me, 'tis the end of another week.

February 18—The pleasing odor of pickled star fishes permeates the atmosphere.

February 19—Z A E Informal Dance at Portage Country Club.

February 20—Duke Lidyard was talking to his Freshman protege in the halls again.

February 21—East Liberty Y., 43; Akron, 33. Basketball.

February 22—Washington's Birthday vacation (courtesy of school calendar).
Geneva, 36; Akron, 29. Basketball.

February 23—Grove City, 34; Akron, 32. Basketball.

February 25—Post mortems of the eastern trip are floating around the halls.

February 26—We are ordered not to talk in the halls. Girls, I do wish you would be quiet!

February 27—The Freshman Class has a gum-chewing party. Marcella Alexander won first prize.

February 28—"Judge" Rogers drills a platoon—good work, Judge!

March 1—Case, 25; Akron, 23. Good my fond love (State Championship); we needs must part again!

March 2—Keep up the fighting spirit. We get a vacation this month.

March 4—Test Week again.

March 5—The songs of March: Slush—Rain—Mud!

March 6—News article—Why Boys Leave Home—by Sturtevant, in ten chapters.

March 7—Noiseless Thursday! Even the library was quiet for once.

March 8—Capital City, 28; Akron, 18. Basketball.

March 9—Wittenberg, 18; Akron, 25. Basketball.

March 11—Track season begins. Who dares to censure the suits?

March 12—The new Freshmen women bother Miss Findley.

March 13—Coach Sefton is fooled—no one appears for military.

March 14—No, he wasn't. He drilled us twice as hard to teach us a lesson in discipline.

March 15—Woman's League Spread—big feed—regular time—much dance—speeches and everythin'.

March 16—Senior prom announced for April 5th. Get out your soup and fish, fellows.

Calendar—Continued

March 18—Herman Werner brings his Jazz to school today.
March 19—Ain't it a grand and glorious feeling when the spring is in the air?
March 20—Test in Military.
March 21—The army takes a hike to Old Portage. Rolland Fox got a free egg shampoo. Ask him how!
March 22—All the men had sore feet. Doctor Nesbitt spoke in chapel. Rosy dreams of Easter Vacation evaporate.
March 23—We are informed that school will close on June 5.
March 25—Mr. Speidel (soon to be Doctor) announces his engagement.
March 26—No Military this week.
March 27—Oh, Girls, did you see those track men? No, I didn't? I was ashamed to look.
March 28—Stay away from the Gardens, boys, or Doc. Plowman may see you. He's the new censor of dances.
March 29—Our Spring Vacation—Good Friday.
March 30—Oh, boy, I am glad I didn't have any Saturday class.
April 1—Yes, a few of us got fooled.
April 2—Baseball season begins.
April 3—Spring has flown. Winter returns.
April 4—Coach Sefton is in his usual good humor.
April 5—Baseball—Case, 3; Akron, 10. Good!
Senior Prom. Oh, you boiled shirts!
April 6—Akron U. Company marches in Liberty Day Parade.
April 8—Prof. Tuller hears from his fiancee. It's all over, fellows, it's all over what? The powder on her face.
April 9—No drill—rain. Too, too, too bad!
April 10—Rodney bursts forth in all his splendor. Oh, girls!
April 11—Why not discipline the faculty, too?
April 12—Carl Gilbert got a hair cut!
April 13—Lost—A watch, by a little boy with both hands broken off and a dirty face. Return to Ping Bodie.
April 15—Tests this week! Be where?
April 16—Babby gets a bid to the Camp Sherman Military Ball. Luck!
April 17—Useless Fox returns to the trenches.
April 18—Bill Pfahl slips and breaks his shoe strings.
April 19—Prof. Richardson of the Falls spoke in chapel.
Third Informal—Oh, boy!
April 20—Track meet with Case—Case won—ouch!
April 22—Juniors hold their first class party.
April 23—Sefton does not show up! Hurrah!
April 24—Mrs. Hitchcock smiles to everyone. It's raining now!
April 25—The Gardens gets some new attractions!
April 26—Welker gets his face pushed in some pie.
April 27—The surveyors of the school lay out a few farms on the campus.
April 29—Juniors hold their second class party. Some time!
April 30—Oh dear, oh dear, oh boy, oh boy, oh gee, oh gosh, oh golly—Apologies to Gulick.

The editors of Tel-Buch, 1918, are sincerely grateful to the following students for their assistance:

Mabel Babcock
Louis Berrodin
Marion Bierce
John Cable
Clande Emmons
Ralph Frase
Jack Griffith
Olive Henegan
John Henderson
Jack Kennedy
Helen Kepler
Dewey Lidyard
Helene Martin
Miss McEbright
Martha Means
Harold Musser
Lucretia Olin
Joe Osborne
Marguerite Place
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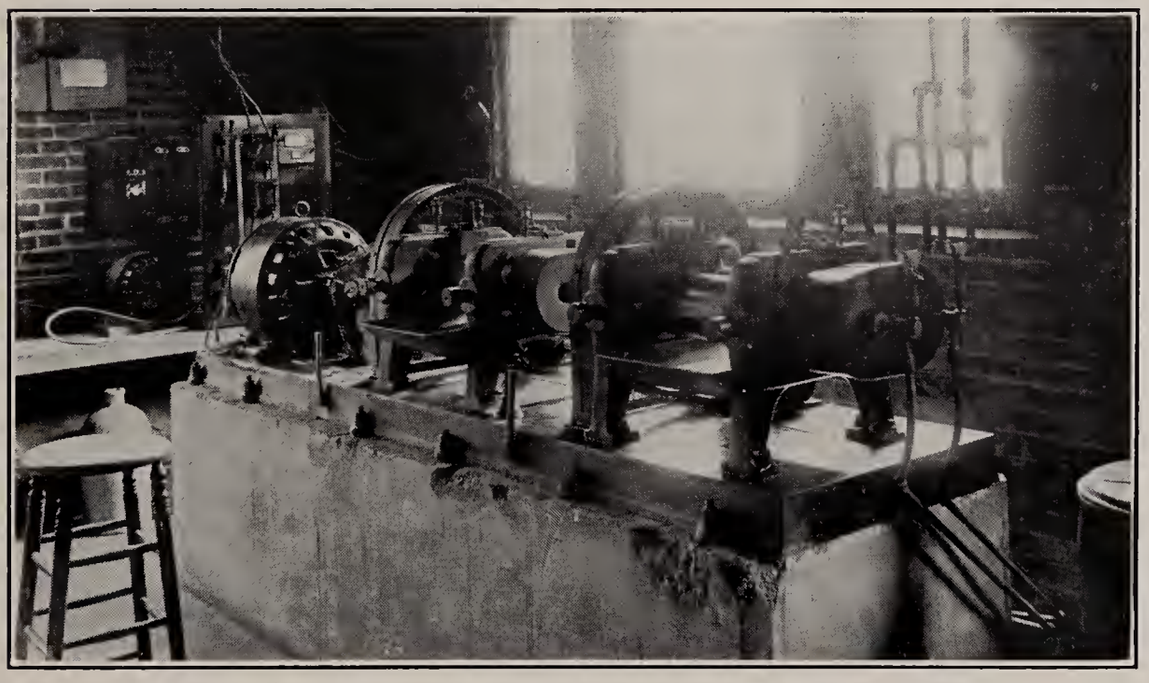

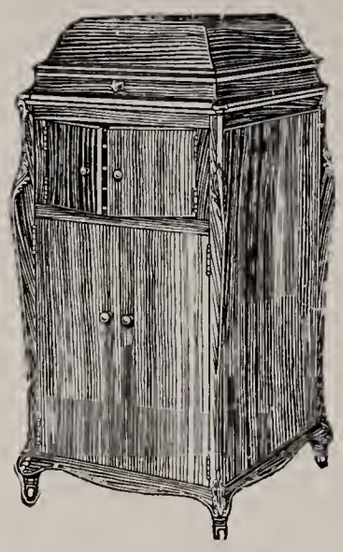

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For years we have told you of Silvertown's economy value. How it saves so materially on fuel (and each gallon helps just that many miles on the way to Berlin), how it is practically immune from stone bruises and very hard to puncture; of its cabled carcass-strength and its velvety riding qualities.

Thousands of American car-owners learned the Silvertown Economy lesson years ago. Why don't you learn it now?

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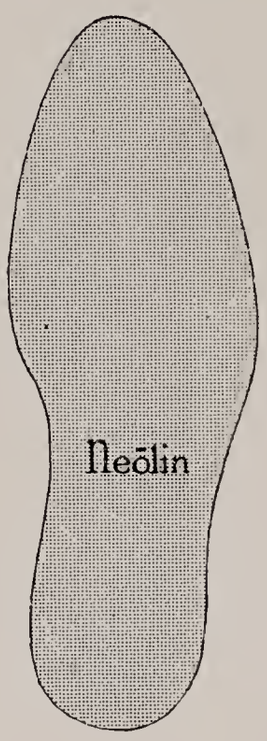
The Kind of Soles You Need



When you analyze your shoe problem carefully, you are bound to consider chiefly what kind of soles you need.

You need flexible soles—to be easy on the feet and do away with the old torture of breaking in.

You need waterproof soles—to protect against dampness.

You need soles that resist slipping and so make walking safer.

You need long-wearing soles to reduce shoe expense.

There are such soles—Neōlin Soles, developed by scientists to have all of the qualities soles should have.

Learn the comfort, safety, and economy of Neōlin Soles. Give yourself the treat of wearing them.

They cost no more than other soles to start with and they save much by their long service.

When you ask for Neōlin Soles, look for the Neōlin trademark underneath. Mark that mark; stamp it on your memory; Neōlin—*the trade symbol for a never-changing quality product of*

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company

AKRON, OHIO

Neōlin Soles

Trade Mark Reg U S Pat Off.

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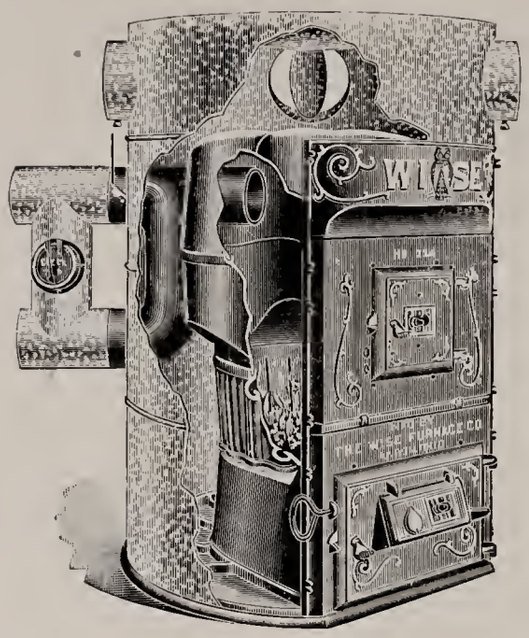

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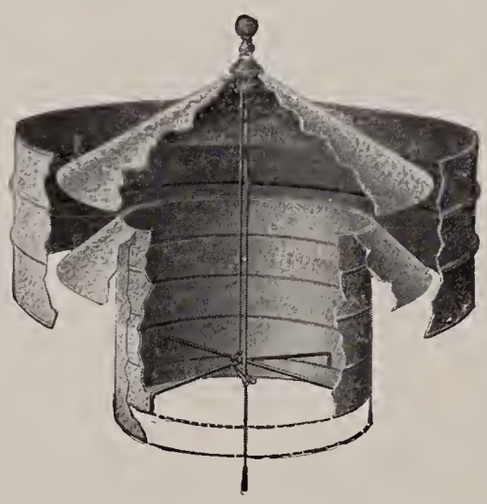

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AKRON, OHIO

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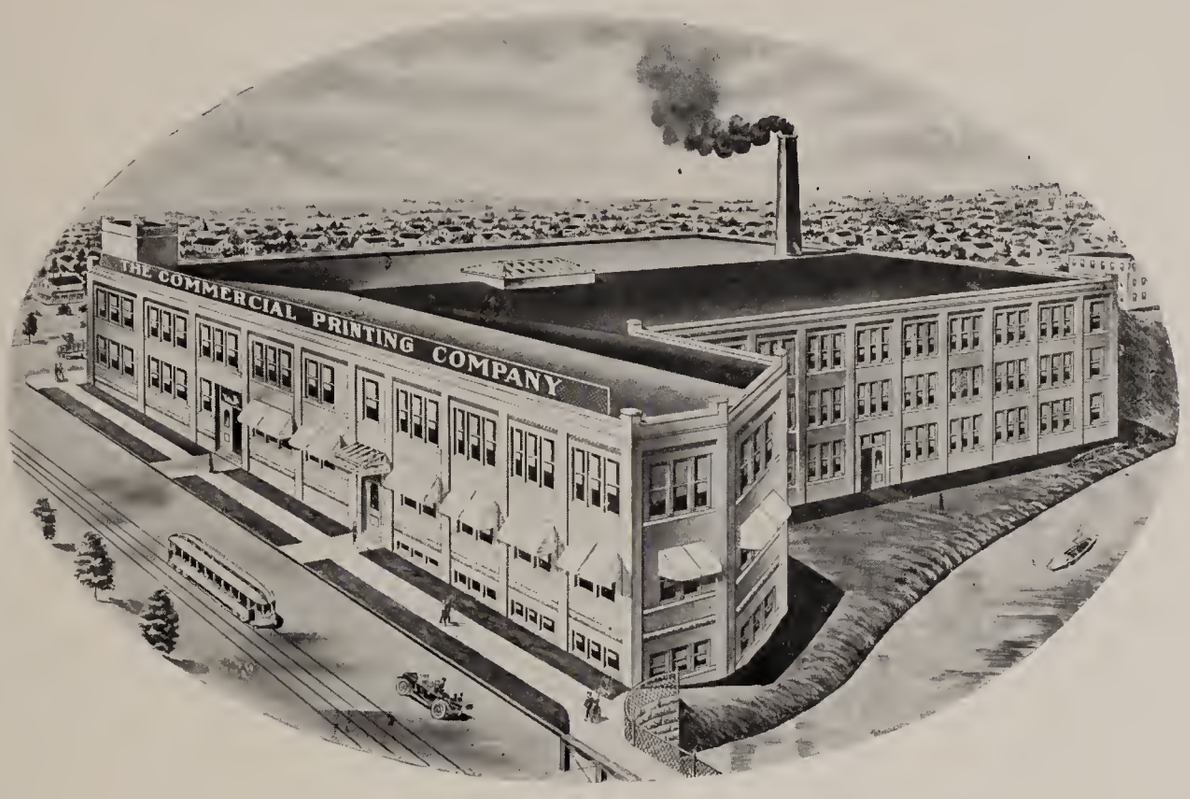

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